

JACK ARMSTRONG

AN ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME

NOVEMBER 1941

November 1941



JACK ARMSTRONG solves the
**ARCTIC
MYSTERY**

JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE MAGAZINE

[illegible]

ALL NEW!
COMICS AND STORIES
STARRING

JACK ARMSTRONG

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME

November 10th
★

JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE MAGAZINE



JACK ARMSTRONG solves the
**ARCTIC
MYSTERY**

MEET

JACK ARMSTRONG AND HIS FRIENDS

JACK ARMSTRONG'S ALL-AMERICAN MOTTO:
*To keep myself straight and strag and clean—
in mind as well as in body!*



JACK ARMSTRONG: A clean-cut American boy who exemplifies the motto, "A sound mind in a sound body." He is athletic, alert, and always on the side of the underdog. Meeting him for the first time you'd say, "There's a regular fellow!"



BILLY FAIRFIELD: Jack's best pal, an all-around good fellow and almost as fine an athlete as Jack. When the going gets tough, Billy is always good for a wisecrack—in fact, Billy's sunny smile is the first thing about him you notice.



BETTY FAIRFIELD: Billy's sister is an outdoors girl who often accompanies Jack and Billy on their far-flung adventures. She is a wholesome, level-headed young lady, who can give a good account of herself under any circumstances.

—AND HIS ARCH-ENEMY



PROFESSOR PROTEUS: The Man of a Million Faces! Proteus is a master of makeup who can assume any face or form he chooses. This evil genius sells his services to the highest bidder . . . and in attempting to foil him, Jack is plunged into exciting, dangerous adventures!



UNCLE JIM FAIRFIELD: Ex-Army colonel who has circled the globe several times and is well-versed in the history and languages of many lands. He is an expert aviator and owns a large airplane plant in the town of Hudson.



VIC HARDY: Expert in scientific crime detection. His anti-crime lab contains ultra-modern equipment which rivals that of an international crime-detection agency.

You've thrilled to the All-American Boy on the air and in the movies. NOW you can enjoy his exciting adventures in the new **JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE** magazine.

JACK ARMSTRONG

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JACK ARMSTRONG *Solves the*

ARCTIC *Mystery*



SECRETLY TESTING HIS NEW-TYPE SKI-PLANE UNDER CONDITIONS OF EXTREME COLD, UNCLE JIM FAIRFIELD HAS SET UP AN AIR BASE IN NORTH ALASKA! JACK AND BILLY ARE ASSISTING HIM.



ON A TEST FLIGHT...

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE—

CHECK! LET'S

DIP DOWN AND SEE!

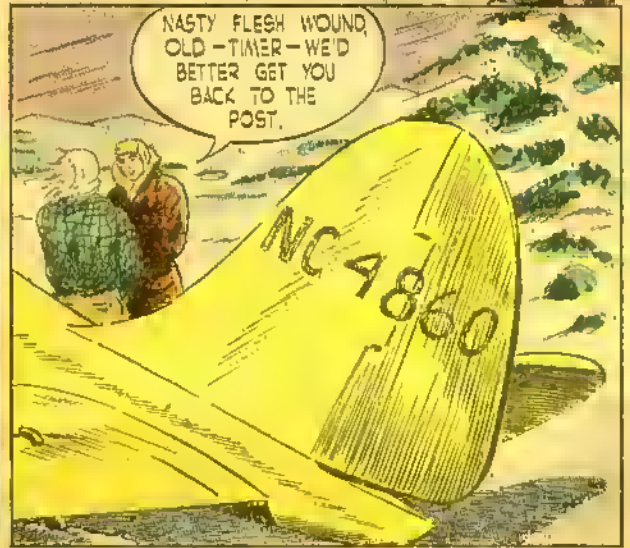


I HOPE THAT SHACK WAS INSURED!

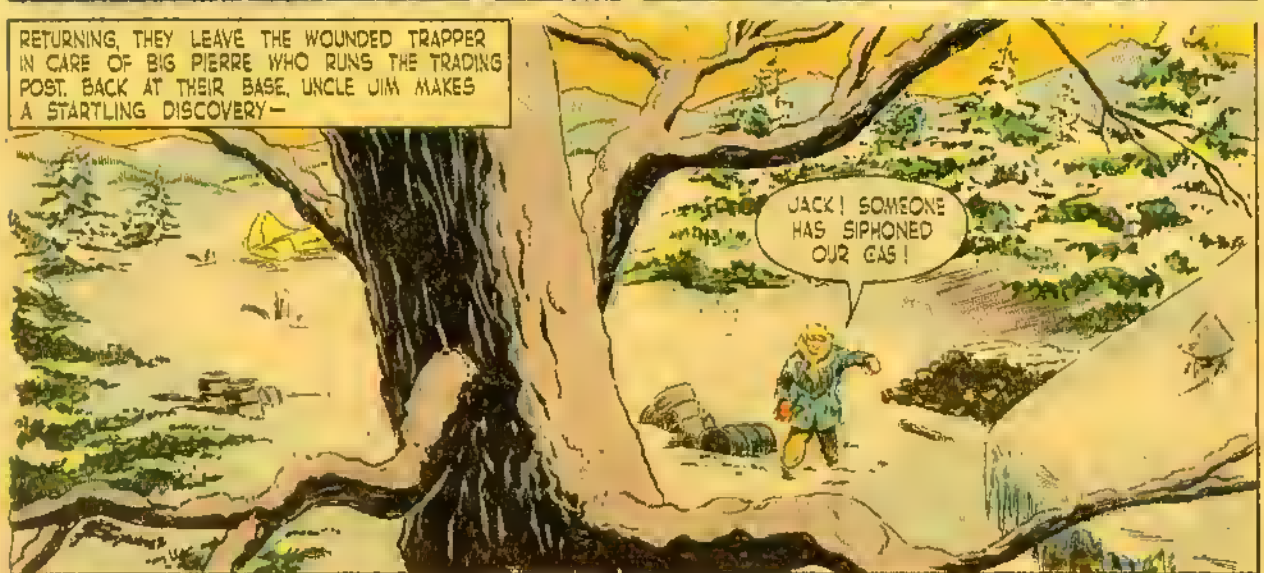
LOOK—THE TRAPPER'S WOUNDED!



EXCITEDLY, THE OLD MAN BLURTS OUT AN AMAZING STORY OF A RUTHLESS FUR THIEF WHO STRIKES BY HELICOPTER, KILLING AND ROBBING ISOLATED TRAPPERS!

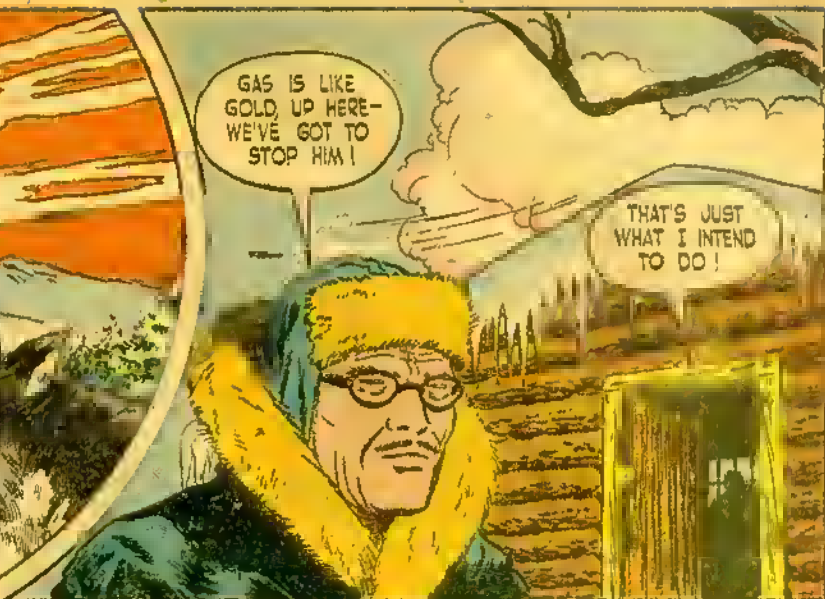


RETURNING, THEY LEAVE THE WOUNDED TRAPPER IN CARE OF BIG PIERRE WHO RUNS THE TRADING POST. BACK AT THEIR BASE, UNCLE JIM MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY—





THE HELICOPTER HI-JACKER!
HE MUST BE GETTING LOW
ON OCTANE!



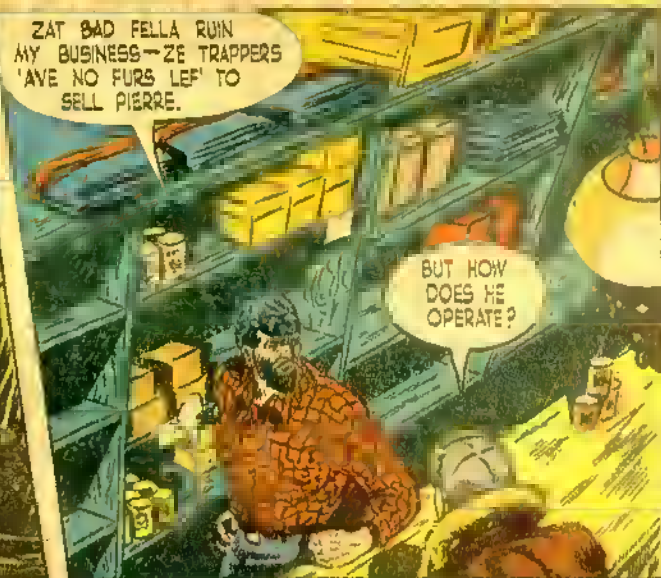
GAS IS LIKE
GOLD, UP HERE-
WE'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM!

THAT'S JUST
WHAT I INTEND
TO DO!



JACK PAYS A VISIT TO BIG PIERRE AT THE
NEARBY TRADING POST...

TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW
ABOUT THIS HELICOPTER
HI-JACKER, PIERRE.



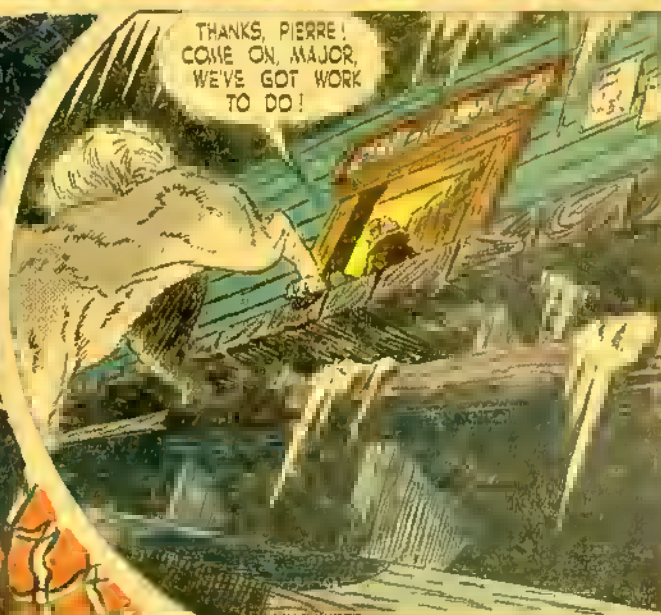
ZAT BAD FELLA RUIN
MY BUSINESS--ZE TRAPPERS
'AVE NO FURS LEF' TO
SELL PIERRE.

BUT HOW
DOES HE
OPERATE?

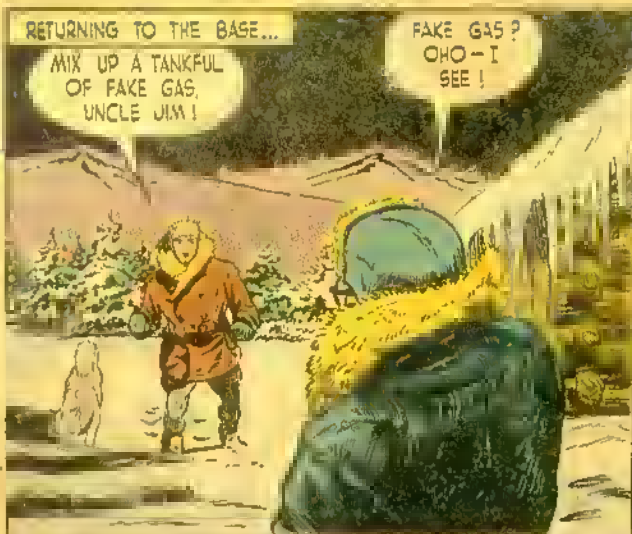


LET ME T'INK. UHM...
HE WORK FROM EAG' TO
WES'...MAYBE HE ROB
JEAN LAMOND NEX!

LAMOND'S PLACE IS
TEN MILES WEST OF THE
BURNED CABIN, ISNT IT?



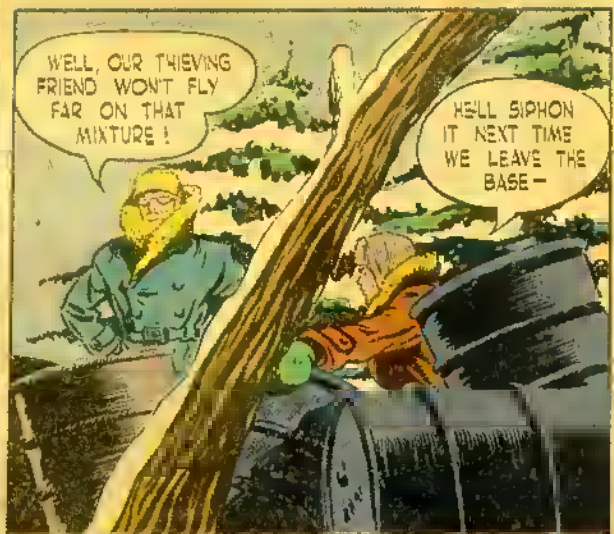
THANKS, PIERRE!
COME ON, MAJOR,
WE'VE GOT WORK
TO DO!



RETURNING TO THE BASE...

MIX UP A TANKFUL
OF FAKE GAS,
UNCLE JIM!

FAKE GAS?
OHO—I
SEE!



WELL, OUR THIEVING
FRIEND WON'T FLY
FAR ON THAT
MIXTURE!

HELL SIPHON
IT NEXT TIME
WE LEAVE THE
BASE—



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AFTER A SUCCESSFUL TEST
FLIGHT IN THE "SNOWBIRD"...

EMPTY! HE DRAINED
EVERY DROP!

DROP IS RIGHT!
WAIT'LL HE TRIES
TO FLY ON THAT
STUFF!



HIS PLAN WORKING, JACK SETS OUT FOR LAMOND'S
CABIN WITH MAJOR, HIS TRAINED HUSKY...

IT'S A LONG
TREK JACK—

YEP, AND A GOOD
ONE—IF YOU CAN
DO IT!



CAUTIOUSLY TREKKING THEIR WAY THROUGH TIMBERWOLF
TERRITORY, JACK AND MAJOR FINALLY SIGHT THE
TRAPPER'S CABIN...



BUT AS THEY APPROACH, THE CABIN DOOR
FLINGS SUDDENLY OPEN AND—

WALK INTO MY
PARLOR, FLY
BOY!

PIERRE!



"FOOW! I'LL TEACH YOU
TO MEDDLE IN AFFAIRS
OF THE NORTH!

SO YOU'RE
THE HELICOPTER
HI-JACKER!



YES MY STUP'D FRIEND! IT IS MORE
PROFITABLE TO STEAL FURS THAN TO BUY
THEM—EVEN IF SOMEONE GETS KILLED!



TOO BAD
YOU'RE SO LOW
ON GAS—

I ADDED MORE OF YOUR
OCTANE TO MY TANK THIS
MORNING—THANK YOU!

THE BURLY TRADER TIES JACK SECURELY, THEN—



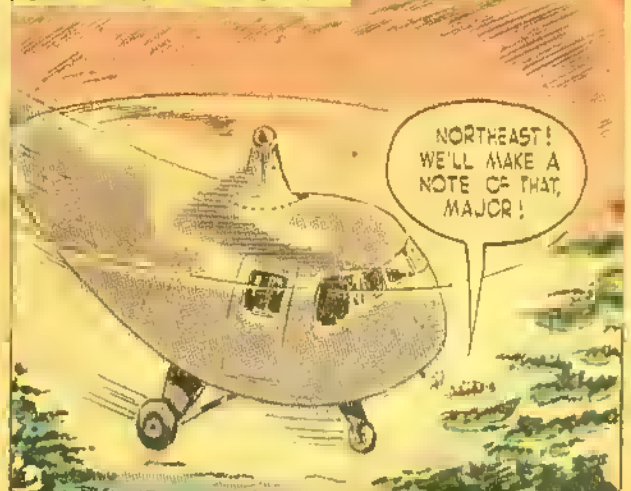
THIS FOR
MEDDLING
YANKEES!

JACK IS DRAGGED OUTSIDE INTO THE SNOW,
WHILE MAJOR—AWARE OF THE DANGER IN
PIERRE'S .45—IS HELD AT BAY...



I LEAVE YOU, M' SIEUR.
YOU AND YOUR MANGY MUTT
WILL MAKE A RARE DISH FOR
THE TIMBERWOLVES!

AS THE HELICOPTER RISES FROM ITS CONCEALMENT,
JACK NOTES ITS DIRECTION...



NORTHEAST!
WE'LL MAKE A
NOTE OF THAT,
MAJOR!

MEANTIME BACK AT THE BASE...

WARM UP THE
'SNOWBIRD,' BILLY—I'M
WORRIED ABOUT JACK.

WE'D BETTER
MAKE A
SEARCH.

LAMOND'S CABIN
IS SOMEWHERE IN
THIS—THERE IT IS!

BUT BILLY DIVES SHARPLY TO THE TREE TOPS, DRIVING OFF
THE WOLVES WITH THE ROAR OF HIS MOTOR!

BELOW, BRAVE MAJOR GUARDS THE HELPLESS JACK
AS TIMBERWOLVES CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL—

UNABLE TO LAND IN THE DENSE WOODS,
BILLY DROPS A PISTOL AND HUNTING KNIFE
WHICH MAJOR RETRIEVES.

CUTTING HIMSELF FREE, JACK SIGNALS HE IS
ALL RIGHT. THE PLANE HEADS BACK.

LET'S GO MAJOR.
PIERRE DIDN'T FLY
VERY FAR ON THAT
DOCTORED OCTANE!

FIVE MILES NORTHEAST OF THE CABIN, THEY COME UPON THE DOWNED HELICOPTER.

NOT A SOUND, BOY...WE'LL SURPRISE OUR BIG FRIEND-



PUT 'EM UP, PIERRE!

WHAT-?

BUT AS THE COWARDLY KILLER REACHES FOR HIS KNIFE -



QUICKLY, JACK DISARMS THE ASTONISHED KILLER. THEN THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY THROWS DOWN HIS OWN GUN!

NOW PUT UP YOUR FISTS, MR. HI-JACKER-WE'LL FINISH THIS YANKEE-FASHION!



MAJOR SPRINGS... KNOCKS THE WICKED LOOKING WEAPON TO THE SNOW!

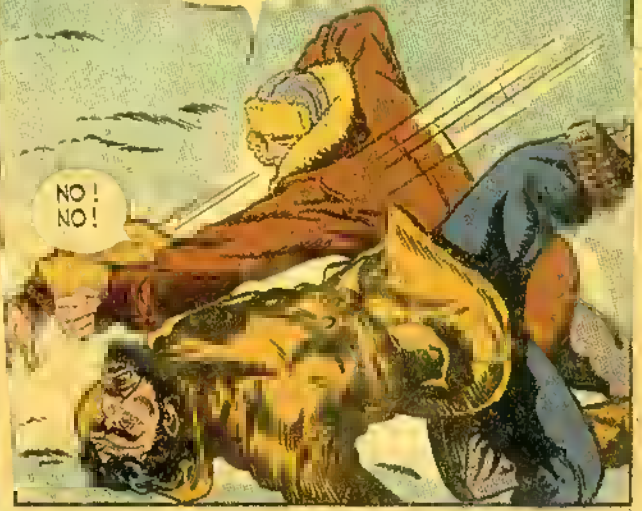


JACK STEPS IN QUICKLY AND...



THAT'S FOR THE LOVE-TAP
YOU GAVE ME WHILE I WAS
TIED UP. WANT MORE?

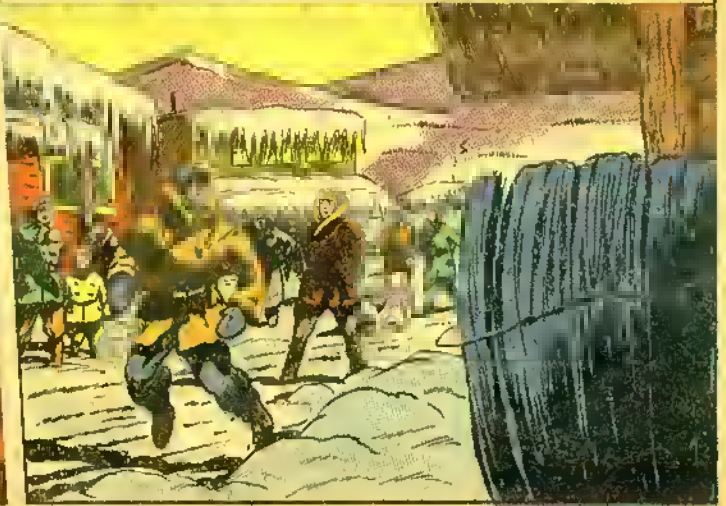
NO!
NO!



AND HERE'S A TIP.
DON'T TRY TO FLY A
HELICOPTER ON
REFINED SUGAR!

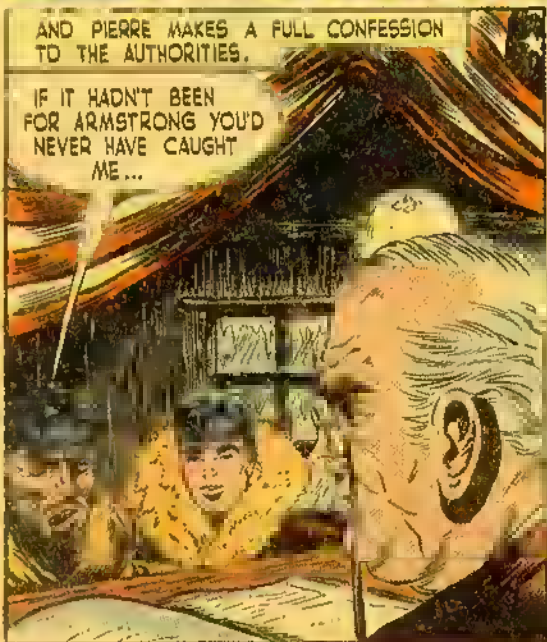


JACK BRINGS HIS PRISONER BACK TO THE TRADING POST -



AND PIERRE MAKES A FULL CONFESSION
TO THE AUTHORITIES.

IF IT HADN'T BEEN
FOR ARMSTRONG YOU'D
NEVER HAVE CAUGHT
ME...

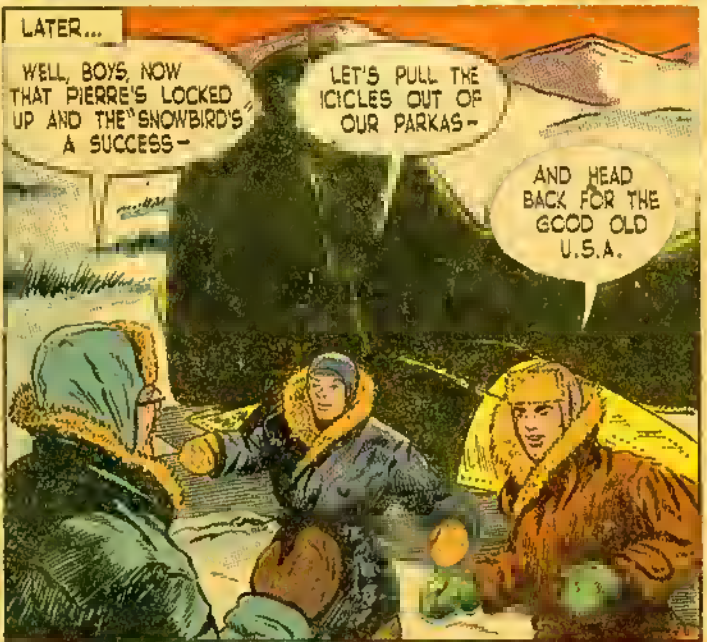


LATER...

WELL, BOYS, NOW
THAT PIERRE'S LOCKED
UP AND THE "SNOWBIRD'S"
A SUCCESS -

LET'S PULL THE
ICICLES OUT OF
OUR PARKAS -

AND HEAD
BACK FOR THE
GOOD OLD
U.S.A.

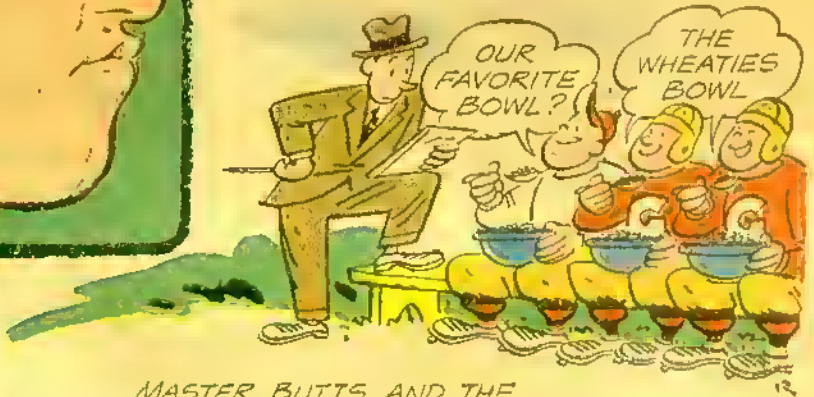


Wally BUTTS

CHAMPION COACH OF THE
CHAMPION GEORGIA BULLDOGS



ONLY MAJOR COLLEGE
TEAM TO REMAIN UNBEATEN AND
UNTIED DURING THE 1946 SEASON
(INCLUDING BOWL GAME)--THE BUTTS
BOYS WERE 10 POINTS BETTER THAN
THEIR TOUGHEST OPPONENTS



TOP-GRADE
FOOTBALL
CALLS FOR REAL
TRAINING--AND GOOD
EATING," SAYS WALLY
BUTTS. "I LIKE TO SEE MY
BOYS EATING LOTS OF MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES.
'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.'
THERE AREN'T MANY
DISHES THAT CAN TOP
WHEATIES--FOR
NOURISHMENT
--OR FLAVOR"

MASTER BUTTS, AND THE
GEORGIA BULLDOGS, HAVE PLAYED 4 POST-
SEASON GAMES--FASTENED ON TO 4 BOWL
CHAMPIONSHIPS. THEY MADE A CLEAN SWEEP
OF THE ORANGE BOWL (1942), ROSE BOWL (1943), OIL
BOWL (1946) AND SUGAR BOWL (1947)

WHEATIES
**"BREAKFAST
OF
CHAMPIONS"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions"
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General Mills, Inc.



JACK ARMSTRONG'S ALL-AMERICAN AWARD

Based on information from the American Red Cross



EDGAR LITTLE, JR.
HANDSBORO, MISS.



CITED by the U. S. Army and the American Red Cross for meritorious service in his thrilling rescue and first-aid care of five survivors of a bomber crash, 16-year-old Edgar Little, Jr., of Handsboro, Mississippi, becomes first winner of the monthly JACK ARMSTRONG ALL-AMERICAN AWARD.

Edgar will receive a handsome

medal (see illustration) engraved with his name and the date of his deed of heroism. And in addition, he will be asked to designate a shut-in youngster who will receive a free one year's subscription to the JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE MAGAZINE!

EDGAR is an outstanding example of this truth: To help others, you must first know *how*.

Both Edgar's parents are Red Cross first-aid instructors. He himself has been trained in first-aid methods since the age of eight. But the important thing is that Edgar was ready and willing, when the time came, to put his excellent training to use.

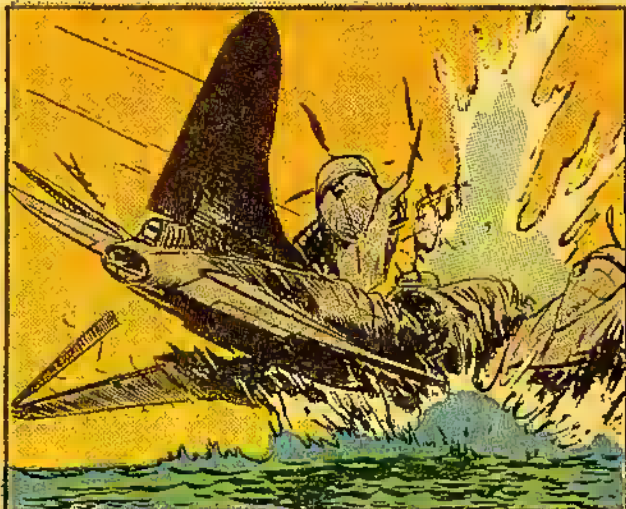
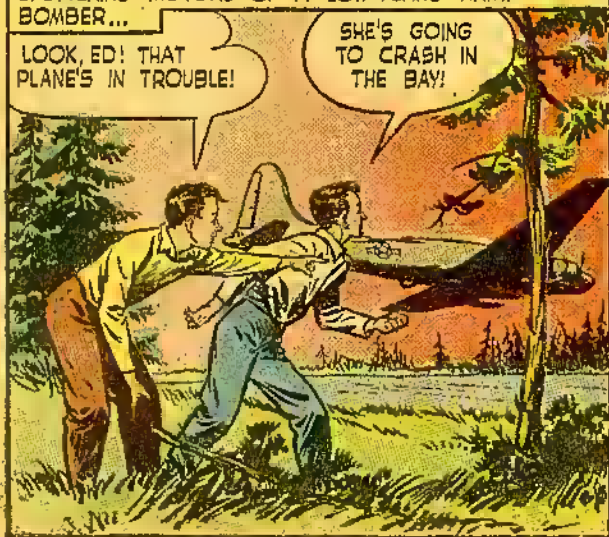
That fact is good to remember, now, whether you're studying first aid or geography. Because sooner or later the moment will arrive when your knowledge or skill will be put to the test. Will you come through with flying colors? You may not have the opportunity to save a life—as Edgar Little did—but you can enjoy the thrill of "coming through in the clutch"—the way Edgar did when he looked into the sky one day and heard the skipping motors of an Army bomber . . .

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED-

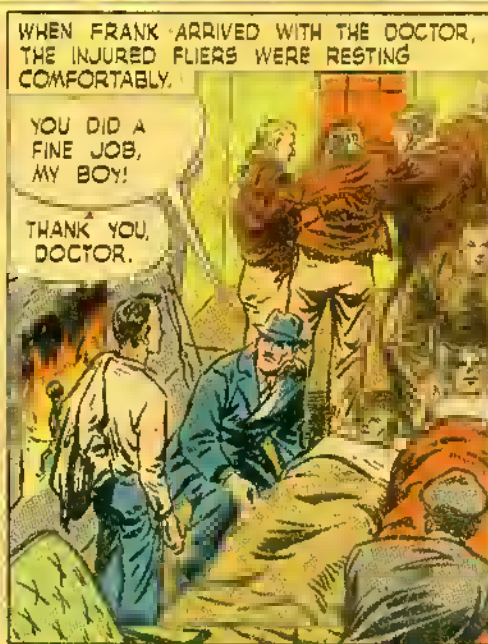
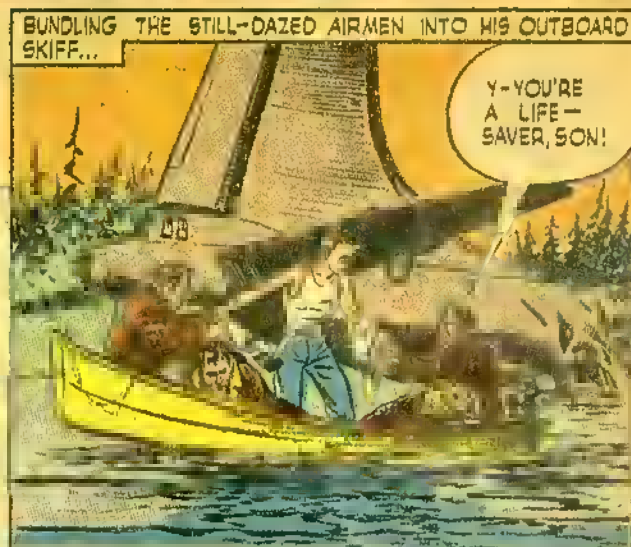
EDGAR AND HIS PAL, FRANK THOMPSON, HEARD THE SPUTTERING MOTORS OF A LOW-FLYING ARMY BOMBER...

LOOK, ED! THAT PLANE'S IN TROUBLE!

SHE'S GOING TO CRASH IN THE BAY!



THE BOMBER WAS RIPPED APART BY THE FORCE OF THE CRASH. SIX OF THE ELEVEN-MAN CREW WERE KILLED INSTANTLY.



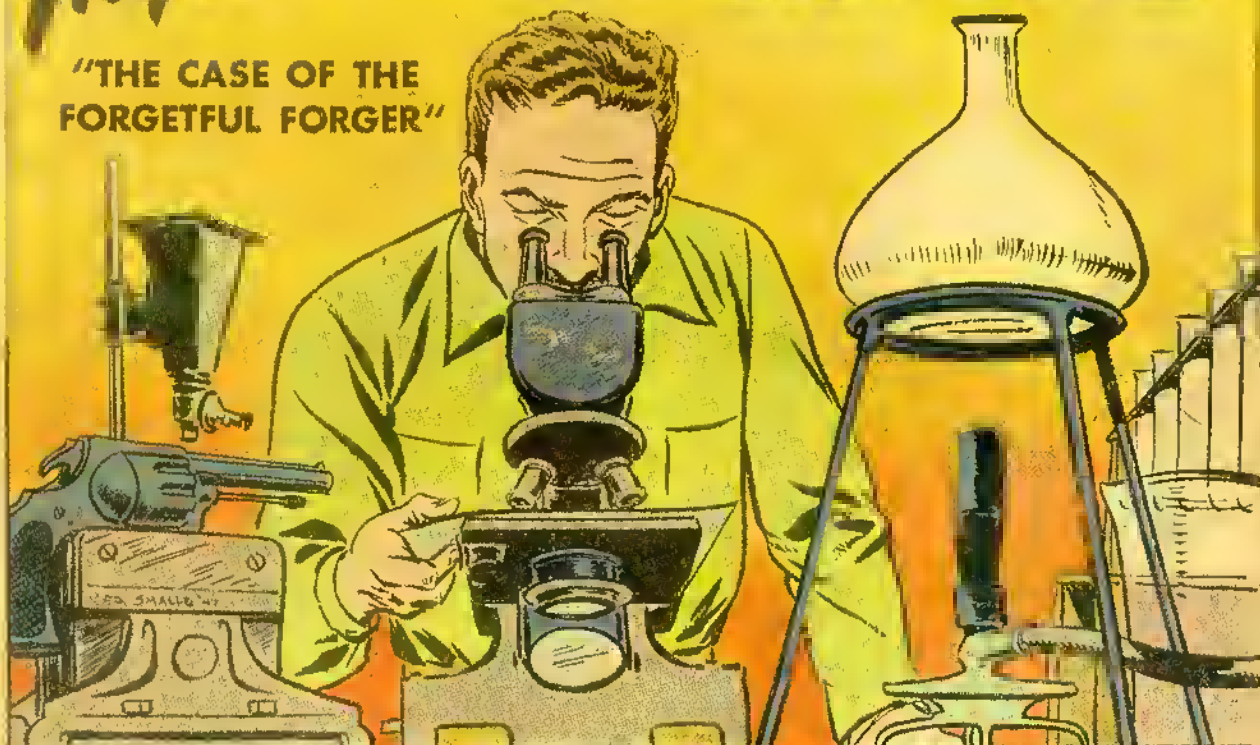
CITED BY
THE U.S.
ARMY AND
THE RED
CROSS FOR
MERITORIOUS
SERVICE,
EDGAR
LITTLE, JR.,
BECAMES
THE FIRST
WINNER OF
THE JACK
ARMSTRONG
ALL-AMERICAN
AWARD.



Vic Hardy's

CRIME LAB

"THE CASE OF THE
FORGETFUL FORGER"



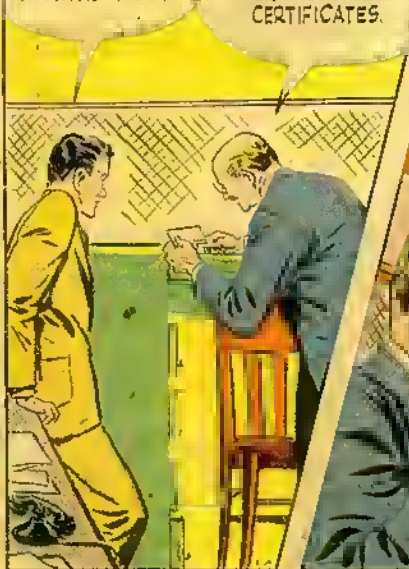
"TO CATCH A CRIMINAL," SAYS VIC HARDY, "YOU MUST KNOW MORE THAN THE CRIMINAL." AND AIDED BY EVERY INSTRUMENT KNOWN TO MODERN SCIENCE, VIC WAGES RELENTLESS, ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST CRIME. HIS LATEST CASE BEGAN WHEN A MAN WALKED INTO A CITY BANK AND SAID...

"I'D LIKE TO BORROW
\$9000 ON THIS U.S.
TREASURY BOND,
MR. KIRBY.

"I'LL CHECK ON
THE BOND
AND YOUR
REFERENCES,
MR. ALLYN. CALL
BACK TOMORROW.



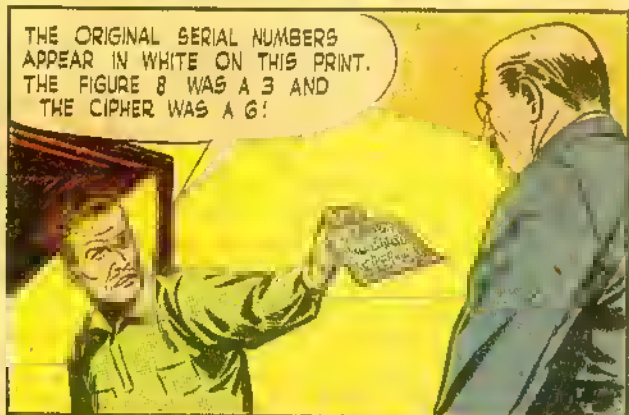
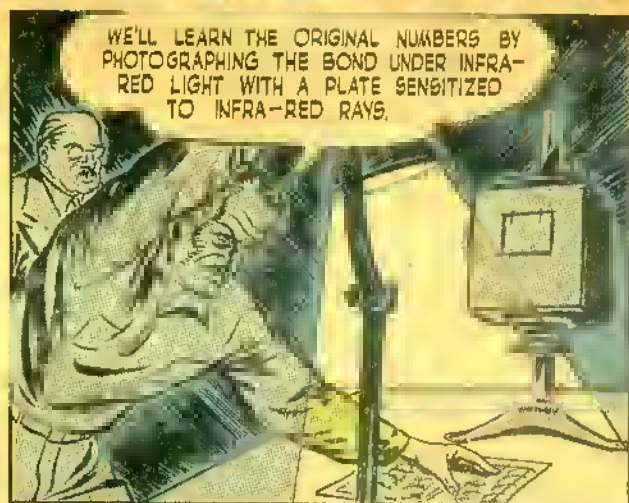
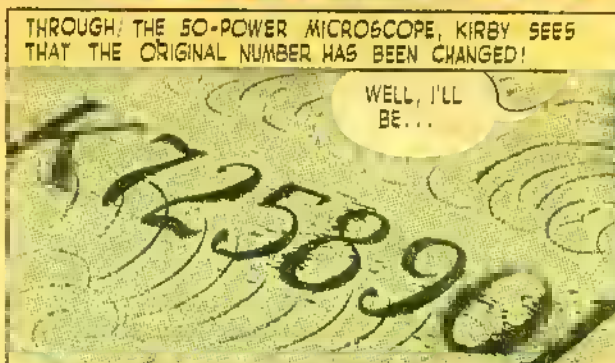
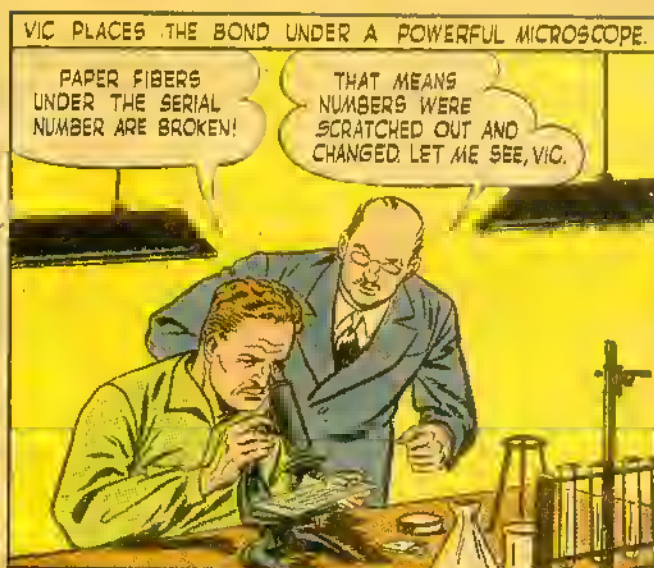
"ALLYN OPENED A
SMALL ACCOUNT
WITH US TWO
MONTHS AGO.



"THE BOND'S
SERIAL NUMBER
IS NOT ON THIS
LIST OF STOLEN
CERTIFICATES.

"IT LOOKS GENUINE BUT—
HELLO, VIC? I WANT
YOU TO EXAMINE A
\$10,000 BOND. I'LL
BE RIGHT OVER.





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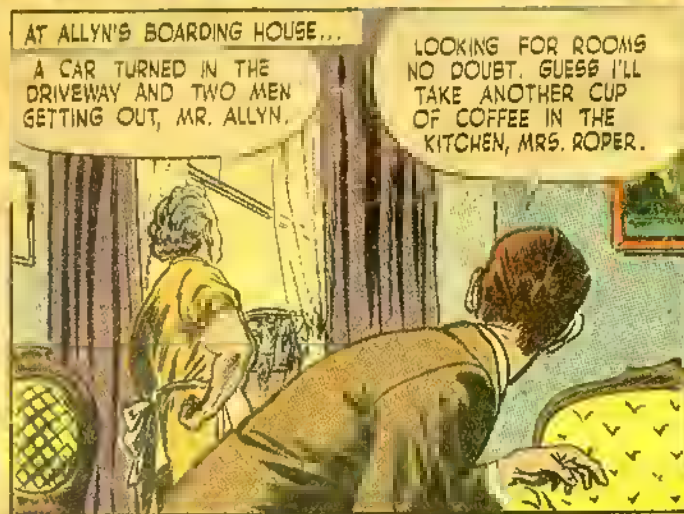
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JA 1

HELLO, VIC? STEVE SHELDON.
ALLYN STUFFED GOVERNMENT
BONDS IN THE STOVE BUT
WE RECOVERED THE
CHARRED PAPER.

GOOD WORK,
INSPECTOR.
FAN THE ASHES
INTO A GLASS
BOWL AND
BRING THEM
TO MY LAB.

THE PAPER IS
CHARRED TO A
CRISP. YOU'RE
A WIZARD IF
YOU GET
ANYTHING
FROM IT.

MR. ALLYN FORGOT
THE POWERS OF
SCIENTIFIC CRIME
DETECTION. WATCH...

AFTER FANNING THE
ASHES ONTO A GLASS
PLATE, I SPRAY THEM
WITH FIXATIVE SO
THEY WON'T
BECOME BRITTLE.



NOW I'LL DEVELOP THIS
PLATE AND PRINT THE
PICTURE ON COMPRESSION
PAPER.

I'LL
SAY
ALLYN
FORGOT!

THERE! THE PIECES
LOOK LIKE A
JIGSAW PUZZLE, BUT
THE PRINTING AND
SERIAL NUMBERS
OF THE BONDS
ARE CLEARLY SHOWN.

THAT'S ENOUGH
EVIDENCE
TO CONVICT
ALLYN! NICE
WORK, VIC!

NOW I FLATTEN THE ASHES
BY PLACING ANOTHER GLASS
PLATE OVER THEM. NEXT I'LL
TAKE A PHOTOGRAPH ON
AN ORTHOCHROMATIC PLATE.



NEXT ISSUE, VIC HARDY BRINGS A
PAIR OF SAFE-CRACKERS TO
JUSTICE IN "THE CASE OF THE
CHEWED BUBBLE GUM"!

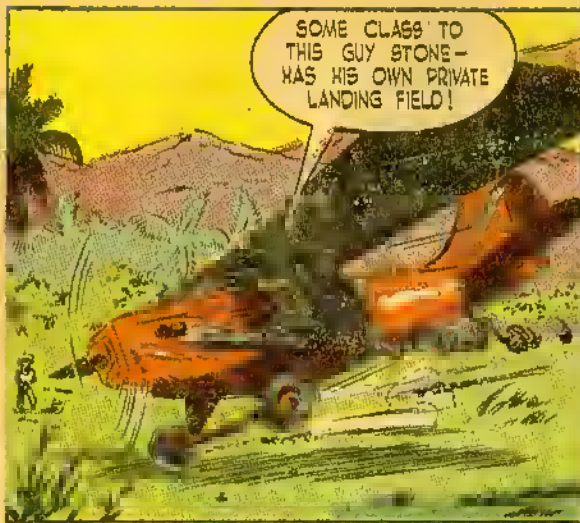
JACK ARMSTRONG VS. THE MAN OF A MILLION FACES

LOOK! WE'RE
OVER PANAMA!

RIGHT, BILLY!
THAT'S THE
CANAL.

MEAN-LOOKING
JUNGLE, BELOW! GLAD
WE'VE GOT ONLY
FIVE MINUTES MORE
FLYING TIME!

JACK ARMSTRONG, THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY, FACES THE MOST DANGEROUS FOE OF HIS ADVENTURE-PACKED CAREER! SECRET AGENTS, PLOTTING CONTROL OF CENTRAL AMERICA'S RICH, VITAL HEMP INDUSTRY, GRIP JONATHAN STONE'S PLANTATION IN A REIGN OF SABOTAGE AND TERROR! IN RESPONSE TO STONE'S URGENT S.O.S. JACK FLIES TO PANAMA WITH BETTY, BILLY AND UNCLE





NEXT DAY, WHILE BETTY, BILLY AND UNCLE JIM INSPECT THE PLANTATION...

YOU SAY THE NATIVES KNOW NOTHING?

THEY ARE GOOD WORKERS, SENOR.

BUT THEY COULD EASILY RUIN THE CROP! ARE THEY BEING WATCHED?

SI! SENOR SMITHERS HIMSELF GO FOR RIDES ALL OVER PLANTATION—WATCH MEN WORK.

HOWDY, JACK. ANY CLUES?

'FRAID NOT, SAM. THIS THING GETS MORE PUZZLING EVERY MINUTE.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. GOT TO MAKE MY MORNING INSPECTION. JUST FOUND MORE RUINED HEMP IN THE EAST FIELD!

MANUEL, YOU MUST REPORT EVERY SUSPICIOUS THING YOU SEE OR HEAR—

SENOR... THERE IS SOMETHING I MUS' TELL YOU...

SOMEONE GIVE MUCH RUM TO BAD INDIANS IN MOUNTAINS. EVERY NIGHT INDIANS GET DRUNK—MAKE WAR DANCES!

WAR DANCES!

THAT NIGHT, BETTY AND JACK TALK THINGS OVER...

WHY DID MANUEL SPILL
THAT STORY ABOUT THE
INDIANS? TO PLACE
SUSPICION ON THEM?



OUTSIDE, BETTY COMES UPON A FAMILIAR, SHADOWY FIGURE...

J-JUS' TALKING
A STROLL,
SEÑORITA--

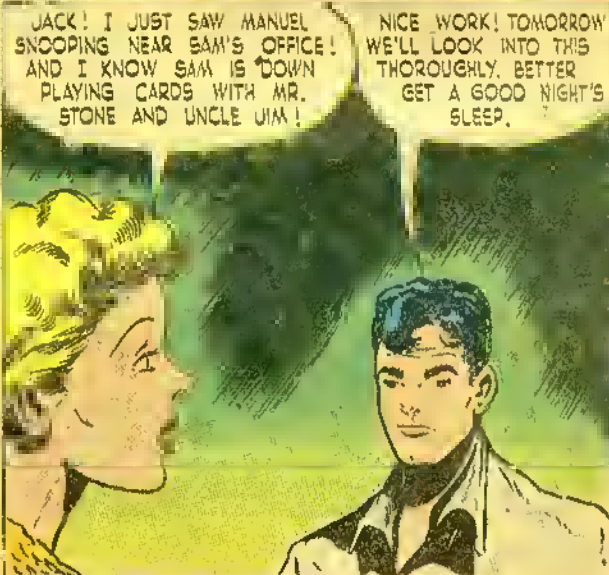
MANUEL! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE?



TOO DEEP FOR ME!
I'M GOING OUT FOR A
PEAK AT THAT BIG
YELLOW MOON!

JACK! I JUST SAW MANUEL
SNOOPING NEAR SAM'S OFFICE!
AND I KNOW SAM IS DOWN
PLAYING CARDS WITH MR.
STONE AND UNCLE UIM!

NICE WORK! TOMORROW
WE'LL LOOK INTO THIS
THOROUGHLY. BETTER
GET A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP.



BUT EARLY NEXT MORNING JACK IS STARTLED BY
BILLY'S CRY--

COME ALONG,
BILLY--WE'VE GOT
A SOCIAL CALL
TO MAKE!

JACK! BETTY'S
GONE--DISAPPEARED!



TALK FAST, MANUEL WHILE
WE TRY THESE BRACELETS
FOR SIZE!



JACK PLACES MANUEL UNDER GUARD. INFORMS MR. STONE.

MANUEL DENIES EVERYTHING, OF COURSE. I'VE GOT HIM LOCKED UP IN THE STORE ROOM.

BUT WHAT ABOUT BETTY?

WE'VE GOT TO FIND HER—FAST!

DOES SAM KNOW ABOUT ALL THIS?

HERE'S SAM NOW.

HOWDY! THIS SOFT PLANTATION SOIL SURE IS TOUGH ON A HORSE'S LEGS. POOR DUSTY IS PLUMB TUCKERED OUT FROM THAT INSPECTION.

NEVER MIND THAT, SAM—WE'VE GOT BIG NEWS!

BIG NEWS, EH? WHAT'S UP?

WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON MANUEL—

—AND BETTY'S BEEN KIDNAPED!

KIDNAPED! BUT WHO—?

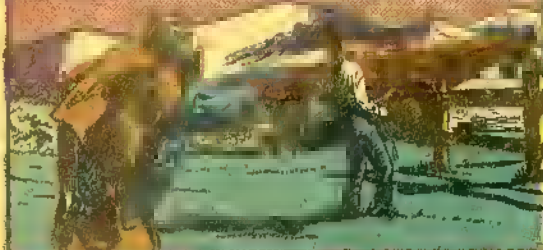
MANUEL, OF COURSE! BUT HE HASN'T TALKED, YET.

MANUEL'S IN CAROOTS WITH THOSE MOUNTAIN INDIANS. BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER, YOU KNOW! I'VE GOT A HUNCH BETTY'S UP IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE!

JACK, BILLY AND UNCLE JIM PREPARE TO SEARCH FOR BETTY IN THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE OF THE HOSTILE INDIANS...

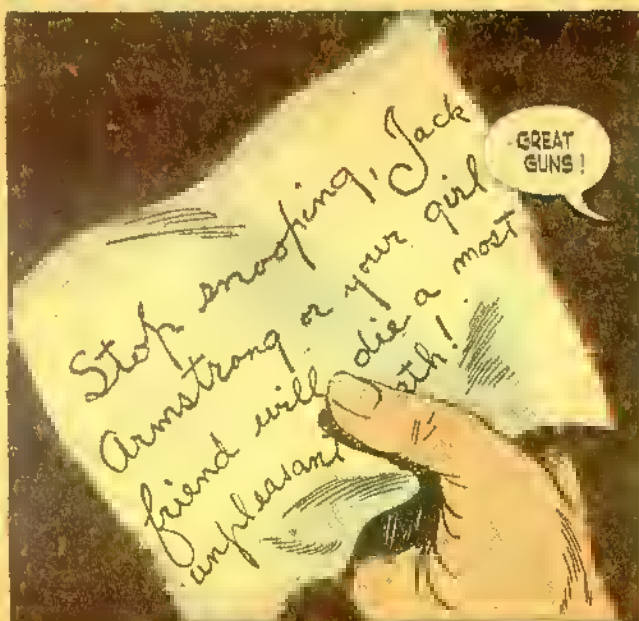
NIGHT FALLS FAST IN THE TROPICS. WE'D BETTER GET A QUICK START.

SAM'S GETTIN' OUR RIFLES, NOW.



'SCUSE PLEASE! LUM JUST NOW FIND PIECE PAPER IN MISSEE BETTY'S ROOM! NO SAVVY AMERICAN - SOLLY!

GIVE ME THAT PAPER, LUM!



GREAT GUNS!

YOU JUST FOUND THIS NOTE, LUM?

YESSEE - JUST NOW FIND NOTE!



YOUR SHOOTIN' IRONS, BOYS - DON'T HAFTA TELL YOU HOW T'USE 'EM!

BY THE LOOKS OF THIS NOTE WE'LL NEED 'EM!



JACK, BILLY AND UNCLE JIM MOUNT UP AND HEAD FOR THE MOUNTAINS AT FULL GALLOP.



SUDDENLY, ALONG THE NARROW MOUNTAIN TRAIL, JACK STOPS, DISMOUNTS -

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JACK?

GETTING THE FEEL OF THIS MOUNTAIN SOIL -

NO TIME FOR MUD PIES, JACK - LET'S MOVE ALONG!



RIGHT! WE'D BETTER CHECK OUR AMMUNITION JUST IN CASE!

NASTY PLACE FOR AN AMBUSH...



WITH THE AWFUL KNOWLEDGE THAT THEY ARE UNARMED IN SAVAGE MOUNTAIN JUNGLE, THEY PRESS CAUTIOUSLY ON. AT DUSK -

LOOK BELOW!

WE'LL DISMOUNT AND TIE THE HORSES. GOOD PLACE TO OBSERVE.



LEAPIN' LLAMAS! THESE SHELLS ARE BLANKS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BILLY - WE'VE GOT BLANK AMMUNITION!



HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE? A JITTERBUG CONTEST?

THAT, BILLY, IS A TRIBAL WAR DANCE!



AND LOOK! THERE'S BETTY!



JACK OBSERVES BETTY, GUARDED BY A TALL SAVAGE, TAKEN TO A HUT NEAR THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE. HE DECIDES ON A DARING PLAN OF RESCUE...



WAIT HERE WITH THE HORSES—I'M GOING DOWN AFTER BETTY!

BUT, JACK—YOU HAVE NO AMMUNITION!



THIS BOWIE KNIFE WILL DO THE TRICK. HERE GOES—SEE YOU LATER!

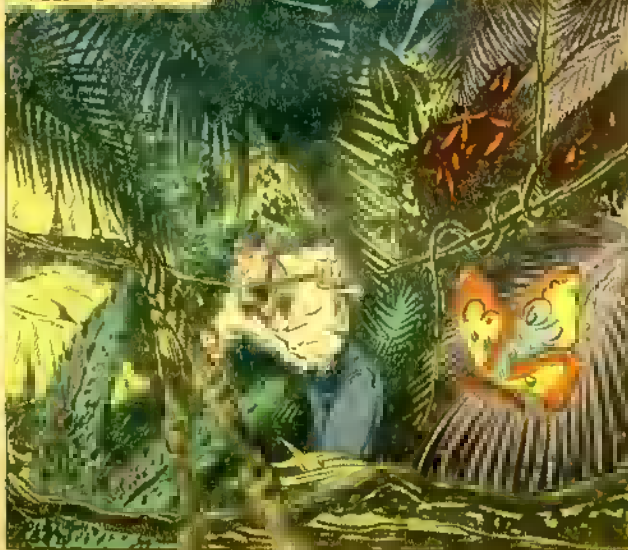
NOT IF THOSE JUICED-UP JITTERBUGS SEE YOU FIRST!



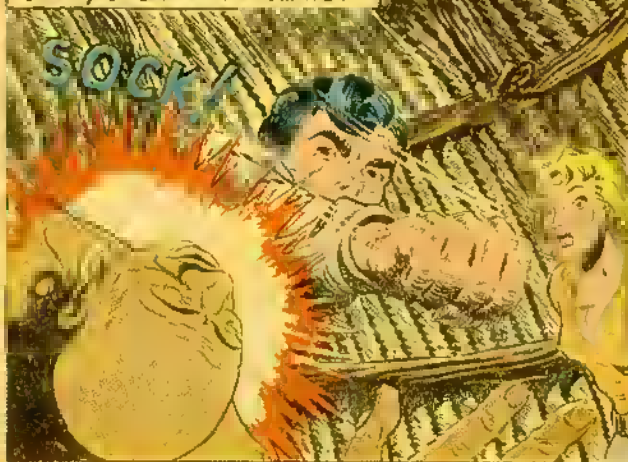
AS THE SAVAGES DANCE THEMSELVES INTO A DRUNKEN FRENZY, JACK INCHES CLOSER AND CLOSER...



AS SILENTLY AS THE FAST-FALLING JUNGLE DARKNESS, JACK EDGES HIS WAY TO THE HUT WHERE BETTY IS HELD CAPTIVE...



GAINING ENTRANCE TO THE HUT, JACK IS CONFRONTED BY THE GLISTENING RED BACK OF THE SAVAGE WHO GUARDS BETTY. JACK DELIBERATELY MAKES A SOUND... THE SURPRISED SAVAGE TURNS... THEN—



SWIFTLY JACK CUTS BETTY'S BONDS...THEY MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE TRAIL.

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE!

WHO KIDNAPED YOU, SIS?

A WHITE MAN—SOMEONE I NEVER SAW BEFORE! OH! I'M SO HUNGRY.

HANG ON TIGHT!

THE BEAT OF THE TOM-TOMS GROWS FAINTER AND FAINTER. FINALLY—

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE BACK ALIVE!

THAT GOES FOR SOMEBODY ELSE I KNOW.

I'VE BEEN QUESTIONING MANUEL.

MR. STONE, PLEASE RELEASE MANUEL AT ONCE!

WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN RUINING YOUR PLANTATION—DYNAMITED OUR PLANE—KIDNAPPED BETTY—IS NONE OTHER THAN...

SAM SMITHERS, YOUR TRUSTED FOREMAN!

STONE, SHOCKED, DEMANDS PROOF...

THAT KIDNAP NOTE GAVE SMITHERS AWAY. MANUEL WAS UNDER GUARD AT THE TIME—LUM AND THE NATIVES CANNOT WRITE ENGLISH!



SMITHERS TOOK BETTY TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE, RETURNED AND PLANTED THE NOTE. I FOUND MOUNTAIN CLAY ON THE HOOF OF SMITHERS' HORSE!

THEN?

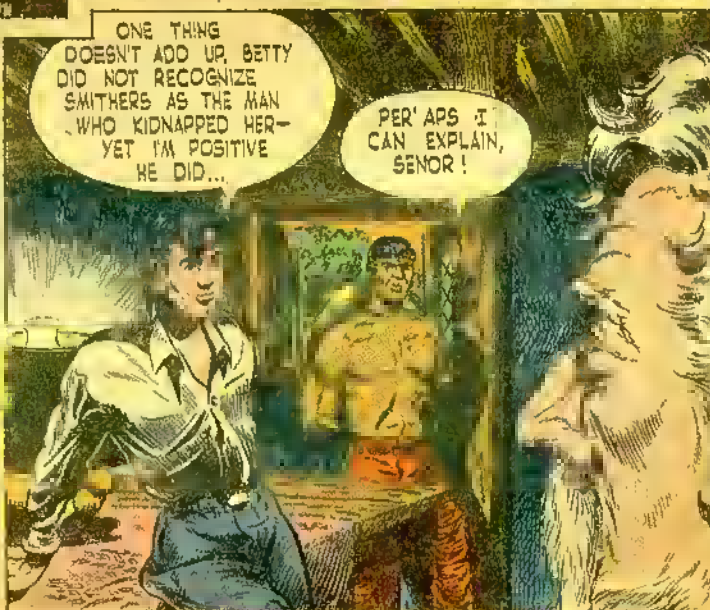


THEN HE SENT US OFF WITH BLANK AMMUNITION—HOPING THOSE RUM-CRAZY SAVAGES WOULD SHOOT HOLES IN OUR HIDES—SO HE COULD CONTINUE TO WRECK YOUR CROPS DURING HIS SO-CALLED INSPECTION RIDES!



ONE THING DOESN'T ADD UP, BETTY DID NOT RECOGNIZE SMITHERS AS THE MAN WHO KIDNAPPED HER—YET I'M POSITIVE HE DID...

PER'APS I CAN EXPLAIN, SENOR!



THE NIGHT THE SENORITA SEE ME, I JUS' SEARCH SENOR SMITHERS' OFICINA. THERE I FIND MUCH GREASE PAINT.

A MASK! SO THAT'S THE ANSWER!



SUDDENLY...

STOP YOU FOOLS!



IN A FLASH, JACK SWEEPS THE LAMP FROM THE TABLE, PLUNGES THE ROOM INTO DARKNESS! SMITHERS FIRES WILDLY AS JACK LEAPS TOWARD HIM.



AS THEY GRAPPLE FURIOUSLY IN THE DARK, A WEIRD THING HAPPENS! THE FOREMAN'S FACE FALLS APART IN JACK'S HANDS! THE LIGHT GOES ON AND...



PROFESSOR PROTEUS!
THE MAN OF A
MILLION FACES!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
WITH SMITHERS?

I KILLED HIM AND
TOOK HIS JOB! EVEN
STONE DID NOT SUSPECT!



AS JACK TURNS HIM OVER
TO THE AUTHORITIES...

NO JAIL CAN KEEP ME FROM
GETTING EVEN WITH YOU,
JACK ARMSTRONG!



PROFESSOR
PROTEUS, WIZARD
OF MAKEUP, IS
THE DANGEROUS
CRIME GENIUS
WHO SELLS HIS
EVIL SERVICES
TO THE
HIGHEST BIDDER...
DEFIES AND
BAFFLES THE
POLICE OF SIX
CONTINENTS!

LATER, AS THEY BOARD THEIR NEW PLANE,
THE GIFT OF GRATEFUL JONATHAN STONE.

LOOK OUT
FOR LAND
MINES, MATES!

YES! GOODNESS KNOWS
WHERE THAT PROFESSOR
WILL POP UP NEXT!



LET HIM POP,
BETTY-WE'RE
READY!

FOR A WHILE AT LEAST, THE MAN OF A MILLION
FACES HAS BEEN OUTWITTED AND OUTFOUGHT
BY JACK ARMSTRONG, THE ALL-
AMERICAN BOY!

CHANGE OF PACE

By GEORGE D. LIPSCOMB

Author of "Tales from the Land of Simba"

THERE comes a time when a major league pitcher must learn to hurl with his head as well as his arm. And for Old Bernie, that time had arrived . . .

Joey, his eyes glistening, sat glued to his seat in the stands.

"As a big leaguer, you're washed up," said Manager Blake. "No one hates to tell you, Bernie, worse than I do."

The words ringing in his ears, Bernie showered, dressed and walked slowly to his hotel. He'd saved money, his family would never want. But baseball was in Bernie's heart—he would have pitched big league ball *without* a contract.

Bernie warmed the bench as the team swung round the circuit. Then he had a day off near his home town. To his wife and friends he admitted, "I'm washed up. This is my last season." Then, most difficult of all, he had to tell Joey.

Tears were in the youngster's eyes as he looked into his father's face. Then slowly Joey said, "Dad you're not through."

Bernie put his hand on Joey's

shoulder: "Let's face it, Son. I've lasted longer than most pitchers. I'm thirty-seven, Joey, and my arm just won't whip that pill in there the way it used to. I can't expect my pitching to improve from now on, can I?"

"Yes," contradicted Joey with a confidence that tugged at Bernie's heartstrings.

"How can you say that?"

"Dad," said Joey, "you've always taught me never to say die."

"That's right, but—there comes a time . . ."

"Dad, you're not through pitching until I say so!"

Bernie laughed. "But Joey, you're not the manager of the team and you're not the fans . . ."

Joey ordered, "I want you to pitch to me this afternoon. I've been reading up on pitching, and I've got some ideas of my own.

You always wanted me to be a big-league pitcher like yourself."

"And you will be, Joey." Joey took his father out behind the barn to a pitcher's mound and home plate.

"Now, Dad," said Joey, "throw a few warm-ups, then give me everything you've got."

With no batter nor umpire to call a badly-pitched ball, Bernie felt the confidence he had known of old. He tossed over a few warm-up pitches. Then he burned one through that cut the outside corner. "How's that one?" he called to Joey.

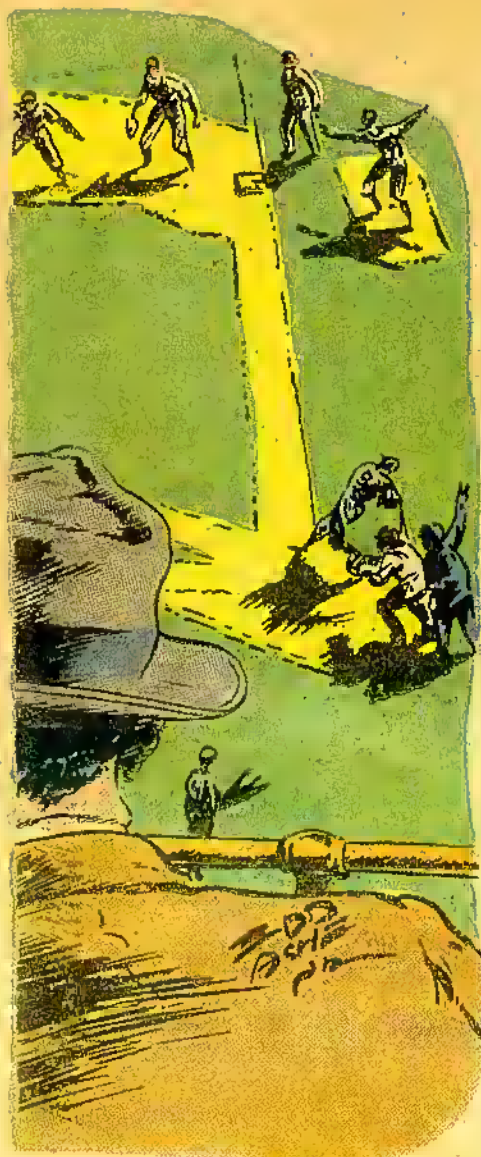
"Great!" yelled Joey.

Bernie stretched, leaned back and delivered a cannon ball that cut the inside corner.

"Strike two!" yelled Joey. "Now give me the old drop."

Bernie hurled a drop that broke





downward, curved across the middle of the plate.

"Strike three!" yelled Joey. "Now throw me what you like." Bernie put all he had into the throw. The pitch went wild and Bernie suddenly felt that sharp pain in his shoulder.

Then Joey took the mound. "Dad," he said, "you catch me for a while. Maybe I can show you how to save that arm of yours."

Bernie knew that his son was ace pitcher of the high school team, had made All-State. But what could Joey show him? Bernie put on the catcher's mitt and squatted behind the plate.

"Now, don't try to throw your arm off, Sou," cautioned Bernie.

"That's exactly what I want to show you, Dad," said Joey, stepping on the mound. "You've always told me to save my arm,

yet you throw yours away on the first few pitches!"

Joey tossed an easy floater that did things as it danced in. Then Joey threw a variety of balls.

"Great stuff!" said, Bernie. "How's your arm feel?"

"I'm just warmed up. And so would you be if you'd serve up more slow stuff and only use your fast one for a change of pace!"

Bernie sat down on a rock. He suddenly realized why he had always been a speedball pitcher. He had delighted in hearing the fans exclaim, "Old Bernie's got the fastest ball in the league!" Yes, that was it . . . Joey was right.

Bernie rejoined the club and again warmed the bench. But he was on the field for every practice, and when big Bill Kelly wasn't working with another pitcher, Bernie threw to him. Floaters that shimmered over the plate, easy side-arm pitches that cut the corners, and occasionally a speedball that laid into Billy Kelly's glove with a resounding smack.

Several times Bill Kelly said, "Bernie, I don't see the smoke I used to see, but your arm's not gone—you've developed deception. Let me speak to Blake. He'll start you if I say you're right."

But Bernie would say, "No, I'm waiting for that big moment when Blake calls on me. Then I'll pitch and win for him. And that will be my last game as a big leaguer."

Bernie watched the team win the league pennant without his assistance. He watched them tie the Sox, three games a piece, in the World Series. And then came the final, decisive game of the Series.

The Sox were young, heavy-hitters, and they liked speedball pitching. Blake had already worked his best pitchers and was wondering which one could turn the tide.

Just before game time, while Blake was still undecided between his two young speedball pitchers, Kelly went over to him. "Blake," he said, "Old Bernie's ready. Put him in there and he'll win your championship for you."

Blake almost swallowed his cigar. "Kelly, have you lost your mind?"

The catcher smiled. "Nope. But I've been catching Bernie in secret practice. He's changed his

style. He's ready with a slowball and a change of pace. Sure as those heavy hitters see him in the line-up, they'll expect fast pitching. And Bernie's your man to cross 'em up!"

Blake chewed his cigar briefly. He had great respect for Kelly's baseball judgment. "Okay. Get behind the plate and I'll give Bernie a look-see. This I want to see for myself!"

The stands were overflowing. Joey had a seat right behind home plate. Bernie was on the mound warming up with Kelly. The fans were in an uproar. Had Manager Blake gone crazy? Or was he remembering the time Connie Mack had made baseball history by starting veteran Howard Ehmke—and the old-timer had set a record for strike-outs in that Series contest?

The umpire yelled, "Play ball!" and the Sox lead-off man stepped up to the plate. There was the stretch, the pitch, and a tantalizing floater did tricks before the batter's eyes, then plopped into Bill Kelly's mitt.

"Strike!"

Old Bernie stretched again, then delivered a side-arm pitch that cut the inside corner.

"Strike two!"

Bernie wound up again, carefully concealing the pitch. A deep drop fooled the batter.

"Strike three!" The umpire's thumb jerked toward the Sox dugout and Bernie was on his way! Sometimes he made the batters pop-up to the infield, sometimes he waved the outfield back to take easy flies. And frequently his change of pace completely fooled the anxious Sox sluggers. Joey, his eyes glistening, sat glued to his seat in the stands.

When the last batter was out and the world championship won, Bernie trudged, weary but happy, to the showers. The praise of the fans was still roaring in his ears. Manager Blake burst into the dressing room. "Bernie, you were terrific! You can name your own salary for next year!"

"No, Blake," said Bernie quietly. "I'm quitting the way I always wanted to—while I'm on top." Then Bernie pushed Joey forward. "Here's the next big-league pitcher in our family. He may not have the 'stuff' in his arm that the old Bernie had, but he's got more between the ears!"

Famous SPLIT-

How a shortstop's hesitation and the reckless base-running of Enos "Country" Slaughter brought a World's Championship to the St. Louis Cardinals in 1946!



Teammates call him "Country" because of his ruddy, outdoors appearance...but there's nothing countrified about the way Enos Slaughter plays big league baseball!

Slaughter's performance in the final game of the 1946 World Series against the Boston Red Sox is one of the slickest bits of base-running on record. And the success or failure of "Country" Slaughter's magnificent gamble depended upon that tiny, all-important, tick of time — the split-second!



WITH THE SCORE TIED, 3-3, IN THE DECIDING GAME OF THE SERIES, SLAUGHTER SINGLES SHARPLY TO OPEN THE EIGHTH INNING —

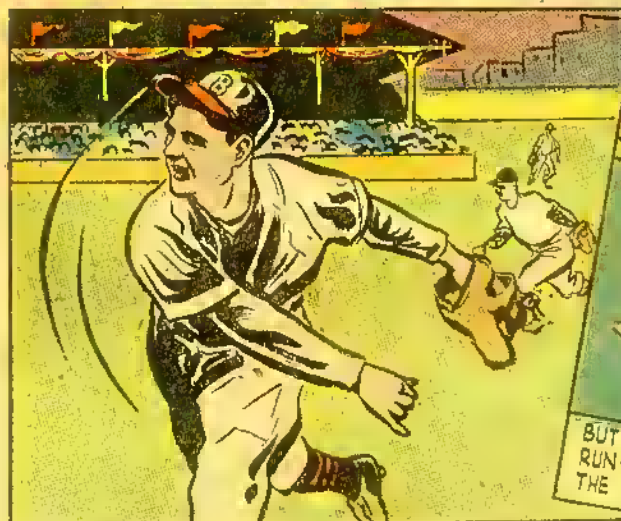


THE STEAL IS ON — AND HARRY WALKER SINGLES TO LEFT AS "COUNTRY" BREAKS FOR SECOND BASE.

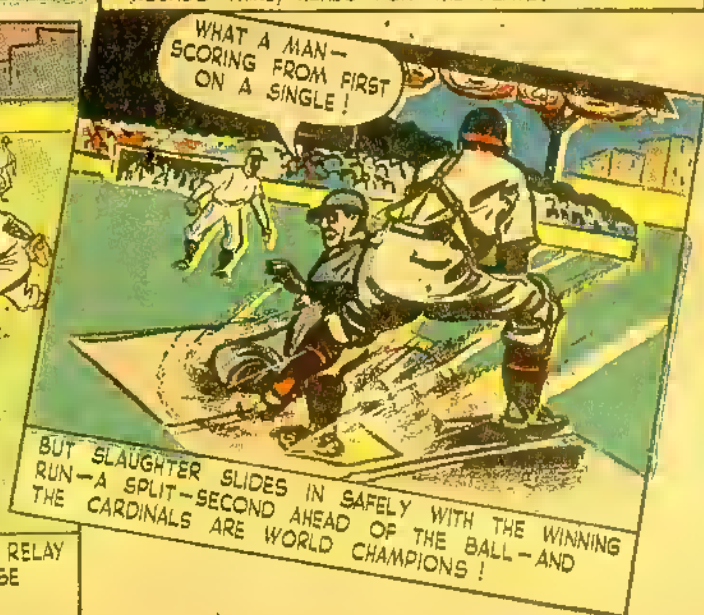
SECONDS IN Sports!



AS THE FLABBERGASTED COACH WATCHES, SLAUGHTER ROUNDS THIRD, HEADS FOR THE PLATE.



THE AMAZED BOSTON SHORTSTOP HOLDS THE RELAY A FRACTION OF A SECOND, THEN CUTS LOOSE TO THE CATCHER.



WHAT A MAN—
SCORING FROM FIRST
ON A SINGLE!

BUT SLAUGHTER SLIDES IN SAFELY WITH THE WINNING RUN—A SPLIT-SECOND AHEAD OF THE BALL—AND THE CARDINALS ARE WORLD CHAMPIONS!

SIMBA BWANA

Lion Master!



IN THE LANGUAGE OF EAST AFRICAN WARRIORS, SIMBA MEANS "LION." THIS IS THE STORY OF A BOY WHOSE COURAGE AND SKILL EARNED HIM THE TITLE "SIMBA BWANA"—LION MASTER!

YOUNG AKHU WAS A MEMBER OF THE FIERCE MASAI TRIBE WHICH INHABITS AFRICA'S DANGEROUS LION COUNTRY.

AKHU, DRIVE THE CATTLE ONTO THE PLAIN AND GUARD WELL AGAINST WILD JUNGLE BEASTS.

YES, FATHER.

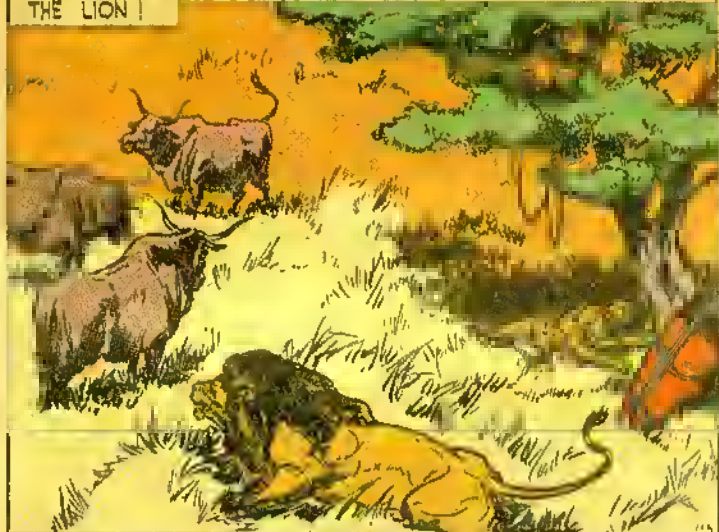


AKHU, SON OF THE CHIEF, WAS WISE IN THE WAYS OF THE JUNGLE.

HOW STUPID IS THE RHINO! HE SMELLS THE CATTLE AND THINKS ME ONE OF THEM.



BUT WHEN THE MID-DAY SUN GREW HOT, AKHU DROWSED... UNWARE THAT NEARBY LURKED HIS JUNGLE FOE--SIMBA THE LION!



WITH A TERRIFYING ROAR THE POWERFUL BEAST SPRINGS --

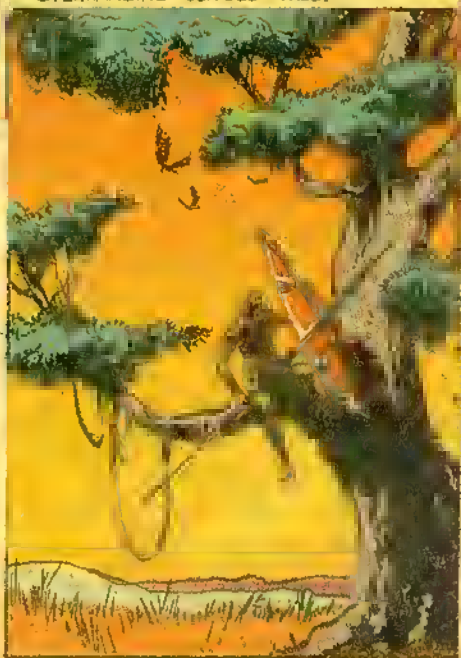
JUNGLE SIMBA!

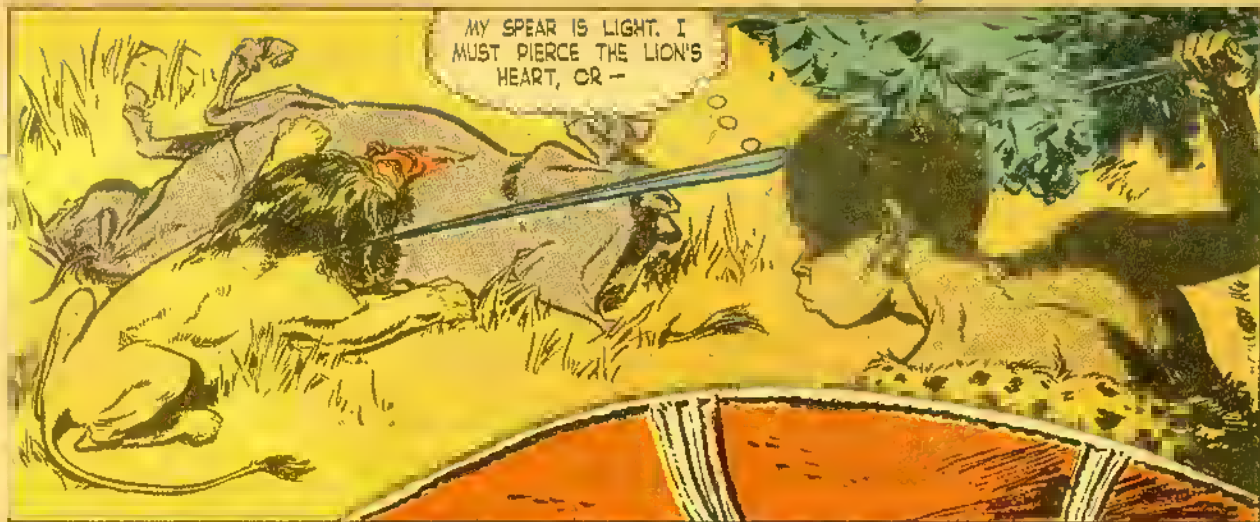


THE BOY QUICKLY TAKES COVER IN A THICKET OF THORNS...

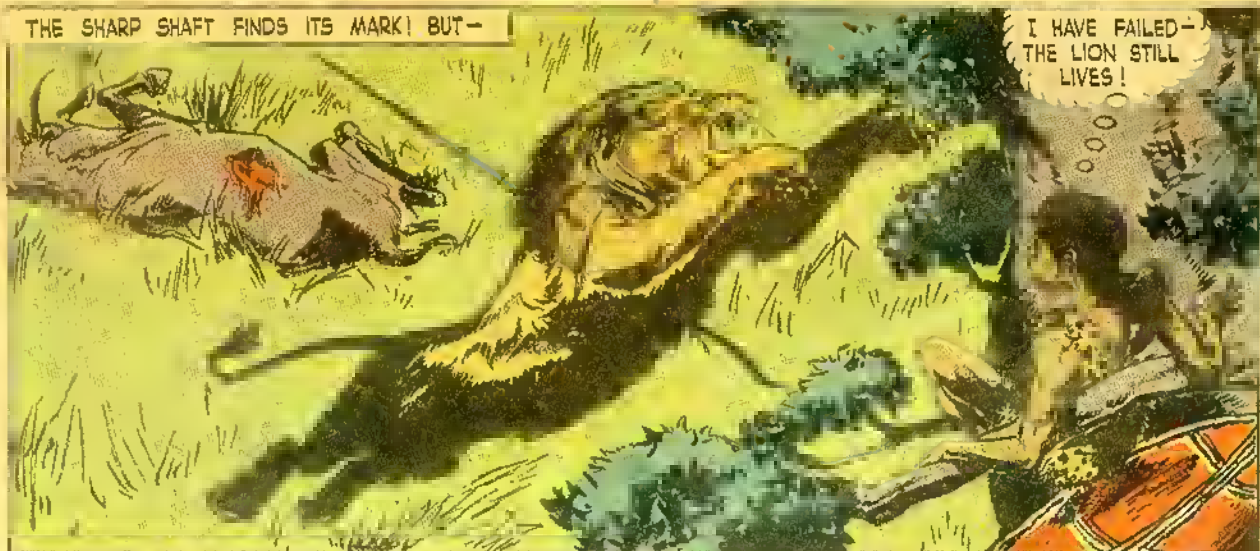


...THEN CAUTIOUSLY CLIMBS INTO AN OVERHANGING JUNGLE TREE.





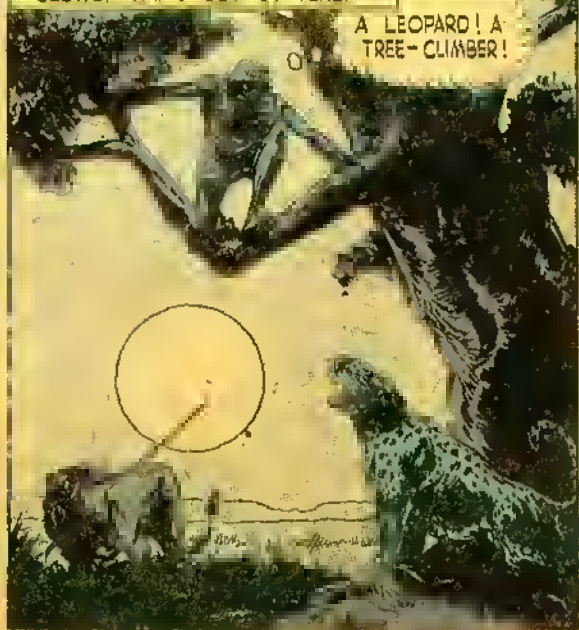
THE SHARP SHAFT FINDS ITS MARK! BUT -



THE FRIGHTENED CATTLE HAVE STAMPEDED, WHILE AKHU REMAINS TRAPPED IN THE TREE.



FINALLY AS BLACK AFRICAN NIGHT SETTLES UPON THE PLAIN, THE WOUNDED LION LIMPS SLOWLY AWAY, BUT SUDDENLY -



MEANWHILE...

THE CATTLE
HAVE RETURNED.
BUT AKHU IS
MISSING!

IF MY SON IS DEAD I
WILL KILL EVERY LION
ON THE PLAIN!

LET US
SEARCH!

LOOK!
IN THE
TREE!

SWIFTLY THE CHIEF HURLS HIS GREAT SPEAR AND—

AKHU IS
SAVED!

THE WARRIORS
QUICKLY FINISH
OFF THE LEOPARD.
THEN A SHOUT
GOES UP—

LOOK! I HAVE
FOUND AKHU'S SPEAR
IN THE CARCASS
OF A LION!

SUCH MARKSMANSHIP
IS WORTHY OF A
WARRIOR!

AND SO, IN RECOGNITION OF AKHU'S
SKILL AND COURAGE—

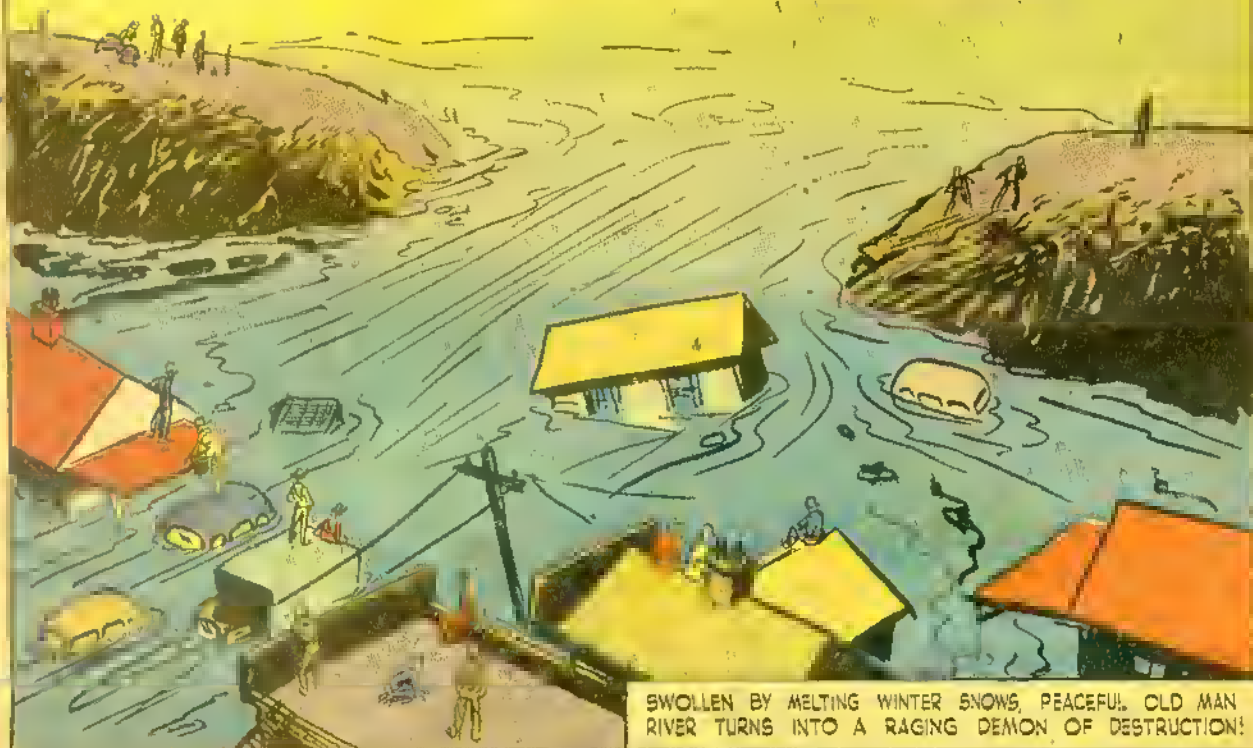
HENCEFORTH YOUR NAME
SHALL BE **SIMBA BWANA**—AND
YOU SHALL LIVE IN THE CAMP
OF THE WARRIORS!

I DO NOT
DESERVE SO
GREAT AN
HONOR!

ANGEL of MERCY

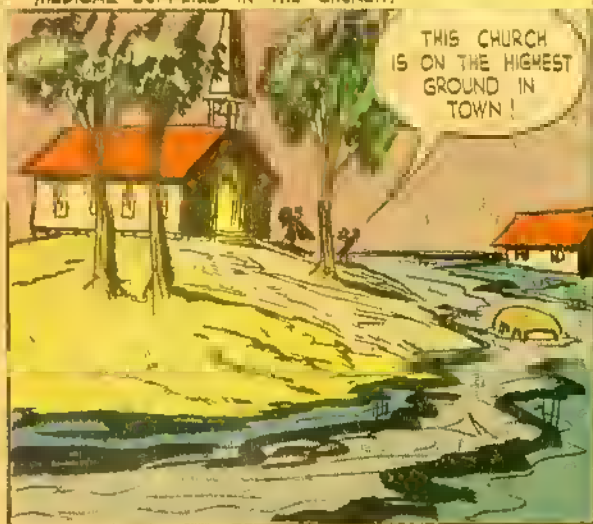
WITH WATER-WINGS

A NEW BETTY FAIRFIELD ADVENTURE



SWOLLEN BY MELTING WINTER SNOWS, PEACEFUL OLD MAN RIVER TURNS INTO A RAGING DEMON OF DESTRUCTION!

AS TOWNSFOLK SCRAMBLE FOR THEIR ROOFTOPS, THE FARSIGHTED DISTRICT NURSE, EMMA WEBSTER, WORKS FEVERISHLY WITH BETTY FAIRFIELD TO STORE MEDICAL SUPPLIES IN THE CHURCH.



THIS CHURCH IS ON THE HIGHEST GROUND IN TOWN!

LOOK, EMMA—
THAT CHILD IS
IN DANGER!

IT'S
TOMMY
LARSON!



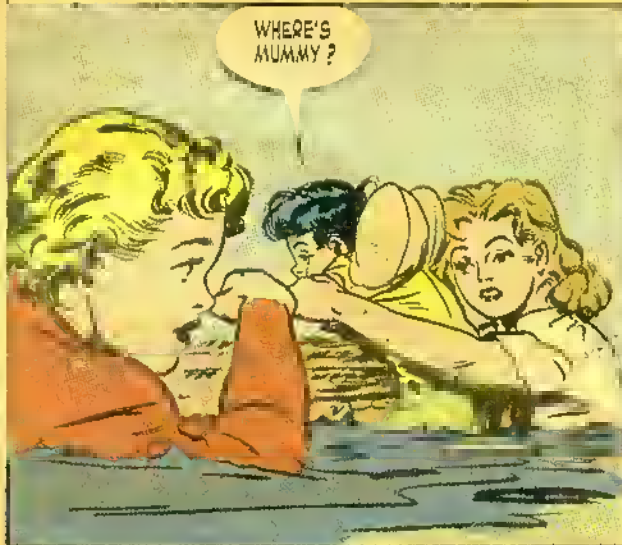
GRABBING THE WATER-WINGS WITH WHICH SHE TEACHES YOUNGSTERS TO SWIM, NURSE WEBSTER ACTS SWIFTLY—

FOLLOW ME, BETTY! HE'S DRIFTING DOWN STREAM WITH THE CURRENT.



AS THE TIRING TRIO ANXIOUSLY AWAITS A RESCUE SKIFF, THE FLOOD GROWS ANGRIER AND DEEPER!

WHERE'S MUMMY?



DON'T CRY TOMMY—THESE WATER-WINGS WILL KEEP YOU AFLOAT.

I WANT MUMMY!



FINALLY, AS THEIR HOPE AND STRENGTH ARE WEAKENING —

A SKIFF!

THANK GOODNESS! THIS CHILD CAN'T STAND THESE ICY WATERS MUCH LONGER —



GOT YOUR SATURDAY NIGHT BATH EARLY THIS WEEK, EH SONNY?



MY FIRST-AID SUPPLIES ARE UP IN THE CHURCH... CAN WE MAKE IT?

WE'LL TRY!



BATTLING
FLOODWATERS,
THEY REACH
THE CHURCH.
NURSE WEBSTER
SETS UP A
FIRST-AID STATION
FOR INJURED
TOWNSPEOPLE...

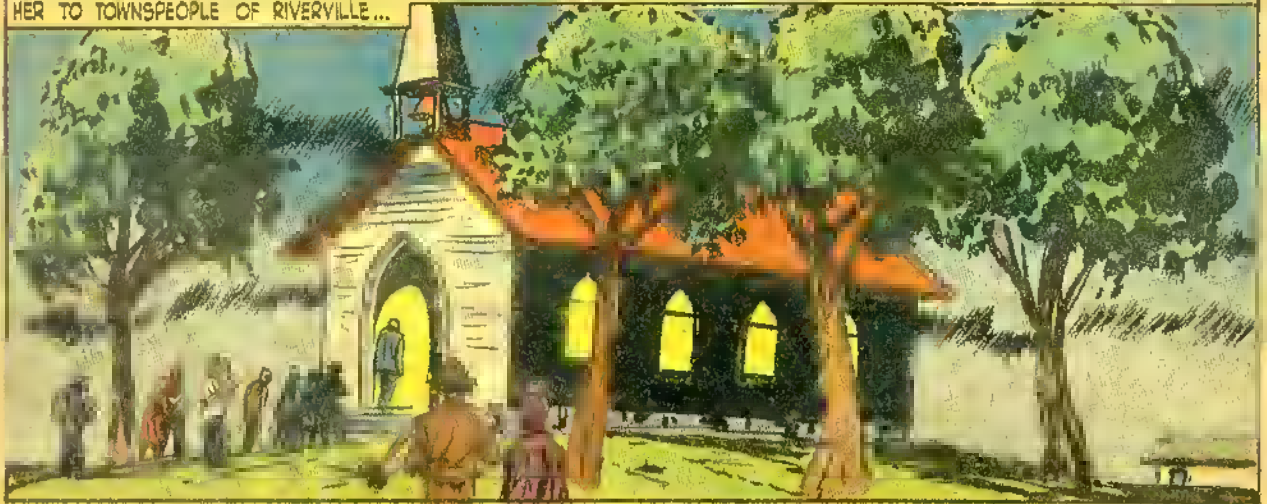
PUT SOME COFFEE
IN THE PERK, BETTY
WHILE I FIX THESE
BANDAGES.

OBOY - COFFEE!
AND DRY DUDS!
COME ALONG,
TOMMY -

WHY NOT USE
THE BENCHES FOR
BEDS, NURSE?

A GOOD
IDEA,
REVEREND.

AS THE INJURED ARE BROUGHT IN, NURSE WEBSTER TENDS THEM WITH ALL THE SYMPATHY AND SKILL THAT HAS ENDEARED
HER TO TOWNSPEOPLE OF RIVERVILLE...



SUDDENLY...
RUN FOR YOUR
LIVES! THE
CHURCH IS IN
DANGER!

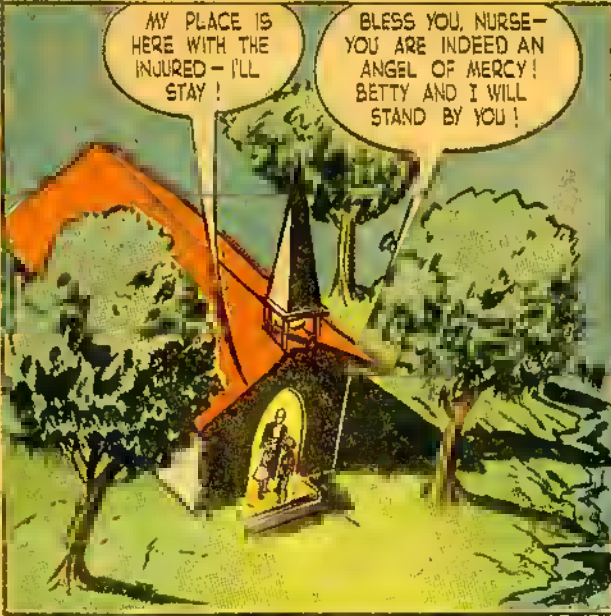
THESE FOLKS CAN'T
LEAVE - THEY'RE INJURED...
EXHAUSTED!

BUT THE FLOOD -
IT'S GETTING HIGHER
EVERY MINUTE!

THE BRAVE NURSE MAKES A QUICK DECISION!

MY PLACE IS
HERE WITH THE
INJURED - I'LL
STAY!

BLESS YOU, NURSE -
YOU ARE INDEED AN
ANGEL OF MERCY!
BETTY AND I WILL
STAND BY YOU!



AS DARKNESS FALLS, THE ROARING FLOOD GROWS
NEARER! FLICKERING CANDELIGHT REFLECTS THE
WAVERING HOPES OF THE TENSE GROUP.



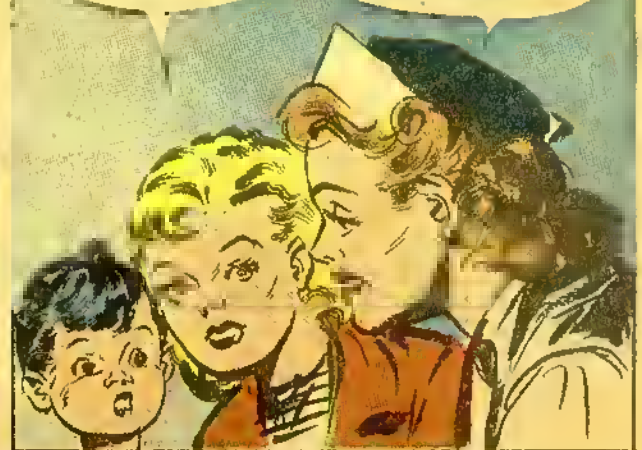
BUT NURSE WEBSTER MOVES CHEERFULLY AMONG THE
INJURED, KEEPING UP THEIR SPIRITS WITH HER OWN COOL
COURAGE.

FEELING BETTER,
MARY?



HOW CAN YOU KEEP
SO COOL? I'M SCARED
SILLY!

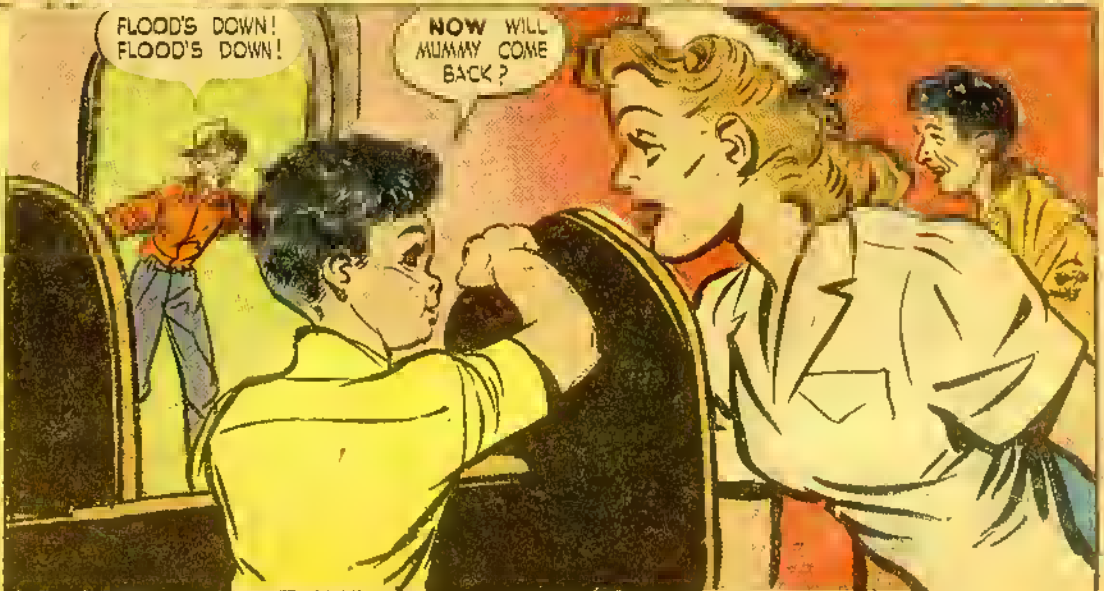
KEEPING COOL GETS
TO BE A HABIT WITH
DISTRICT NURSES, BETTY.



FLOOD'S DOWN!
FLOOD'S DOWN!

NOW WILL
MUMMY COME
BACK?

THE
SUSPENSEFUL
NIGHT DRAGS
ON. FINALLY,
AS DAWN
STREAKS THE
SKY, A
MESSENGER
BURSTS IN.



AS THE FLOOD SUBSIDES, TOMMY'S FRANTIC MOTHER RUSHES IN...

TOMMY! TOMMY!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

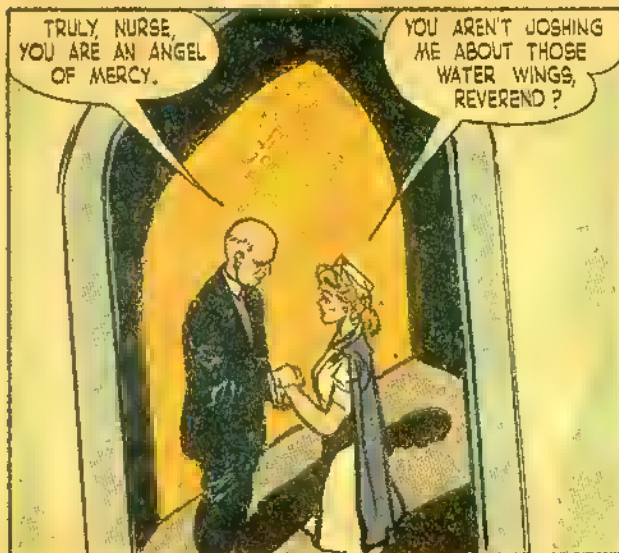


I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D SEE MY BOY
ALIVE AGAIN!



TRULY, NURSE,
YOU ARE AN ANGEL
OF MERCY.

YOU AREN'T JOSHING
ME ABOUT THOSE
WATER WINGS,
REVEREND?



WE CAN NEVER
REPAY YOU FOR
THIS NIGHT, NURSE
WEBSTER -

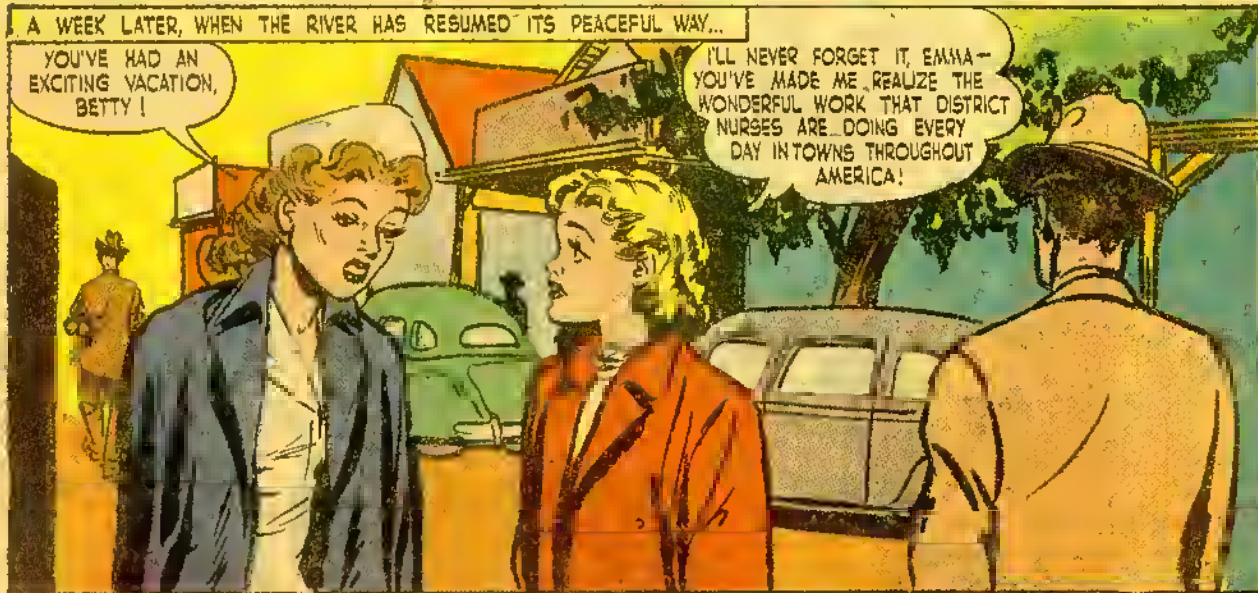
THE WELFARE OF THESE
PEOPLE IS PAYMENT
ENOUGH FOR ME,
REVEREND!



A WEEK LATER, WHEN THE RIVER HAS RESUMED ITS PEACEFUL WAY...

YOU'VE HAD AN
EXCITING VACATION,
BETTY!

I'LL NEVER FORGET IT, EMMA -
YOU'VE MADE ME REALIZE THE
WONDERFUL WORK THAT DISTRICT
NURSES ARE DOING EVERY
DAY IN TOWNS THROUGHOUT
AMERICA!



**LIST OF ABC STATIONS
CARRYING JACK ARMSTRONG PROGRAM
5:30-6:00 P.M. Local Time**

ALABAMA	
Anniston	WHMA
Birmingham	WSON
Dodman	WDIG
Florence	WFOY
Mobile	WMOB
Montgomery	WAPX
ARIZONA	
Phoenix	KPHO
ARKANSAS	
El Dorado	KELD
Hot Springs	KTHS
Little Rock	KGHI
CALIFORNIA	
Bakersfield	KPMC
Brawley	KROP
Eureka	KHUM
Fresno	KTKC
Indio	KREO
Los Angeles	KECA
Riverside	KPRO
Sacramento	KPMK
San Diego	KGO
San Francisco	KTMS
Santa Barbara	KCOY
Santa Maria	KWVG
Stockton	KTKC
Visalia	KHUB
Watsonville	
COLORADO	
Denver	KVOD
Pueblo	KGHE
Trinidad	KSFT
CONNECTICUT	
Bridgeport	WNAB
Hartford	WHTT
New Haven	WELI
Stamford	WSTC
Waterbury	WATR
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	
Washington	WMAL
FLORIDA	
Daytona Beach	WMFI
Jacksonville	WPDQ
Miami	WGBS
Orlando	WLOP
Palm Beach	WWPG
St. Petersburg	WSUN
Tampa	WSUN
GEORGIA	
Atlanta	WGAA
Cedartown	WDAX
Columbus	WBML
Macon	WDBR
Savannah	WRLD
West Point	
ILLINOIS	
Bloomington	WIBC
Chicago	WBNE
Rockford	WHOK
Rock Island	WHBF
Springfield	WCVS
INDIANA	
Anderson	WIBU
Huntington	WSAZ
Indianapolis	WISH
South Bend	WHOT
IOWA	
Burlington	KBUR
Des Moines	KRNT
Dubuque	WKBB
Shenandoah	KMA
Sioux City	WNAX
Waterloo	KXEL
KANSAS	
Colleyville	KGOF
Lawrence	WREN
KENTUCKY	
Danville	WBTB
Lexington	W-LAP
Louisville	WINN
LOUISIANA	
Alexandria	KALB
Monroe	KMLB
Shreveport	KRMD
MAINE	
Augusta	WTVL
Portland	WPOR
Waterville	WTVL
MARYLAND	
Baltimore	WBFR
MASSACHUSETTS	
Boston	WCOP
Hyannis	WOCB
Lawrence	WLAW
New Bedford	WNBH
Springfield	WSPR
Worcester	WORC
MICHIGAN	
Battle Creek	WELL
Bay City	WBCM
Detroit	WXYZ
Flint	WDFD
Grand Rapids	WLAV
Jackson	WIBM
Lansing	WJIM
Sault Ste. Marie	WSOO
MINNESOTA	
Albert Lea	KATE
Duluth	WDSM
St. Paul	WTCN
Willmar	KWLM
MISSISSIPPI	
Jackson	WSLY
Winona	KWNO

WILL YOU HELP US ?

To help us produce the finest comic magazines published, won't you please answer the questions below and on the following page? Kindly clip along the dash line and return to the Question Editor, Jack Armstrong Adventure Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

How old are you? Years

Are you a ☐ Boy or a ☐ Girl

How many brothers do you have?

What are their ages?

How many sisters do you have?

What are their ages?

Would you prefer to have this magazine consist of:

- ☐ Comics exclusively
or
☐ As it is now—comics with one story, a sports article and a few other features.

What other comic magazines do you particularly like?

Do you buy your own comic magazine?

- ☐ Yes, I buy them.
☐ No, somebody buys them for me.

Do you listen to the Jack Armstrong Program on the radio?

- ☐ Regularly ☐ Never ☐ Occasionally

And . . . (turn the page) . . . be sure to answer both sides.

The answers to the following questions will help us obtain more advertising for the magazine and this, in turn, will enable us to publish a better magazine.

What kind of house do you live in? (Check one)

- ☐ One-family house
- ☐ Two-family house
- ☐ Apartment building

How many adults (over 18) live in your home?

Does your family have a car?

- ☐ Yes ☐ No

What is your favorite breakfast cereal?

Do you drink milk mixed with chocolate or malted flavor?

- ☐ Yes ☐ No Your favorite.....

Do you like drinks such as Coca-Cola, Seven-Up, Pepsi-Cola, Royal Crown Cola, etc.?

- ☐ Yes ☐ No Your favorite.....

You need not give us your name unless you wish to.

Your Name

Street

City..... State.....

Add any ideas you want to, and mail to The Question Editor, Jack Armstrong Adventure Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

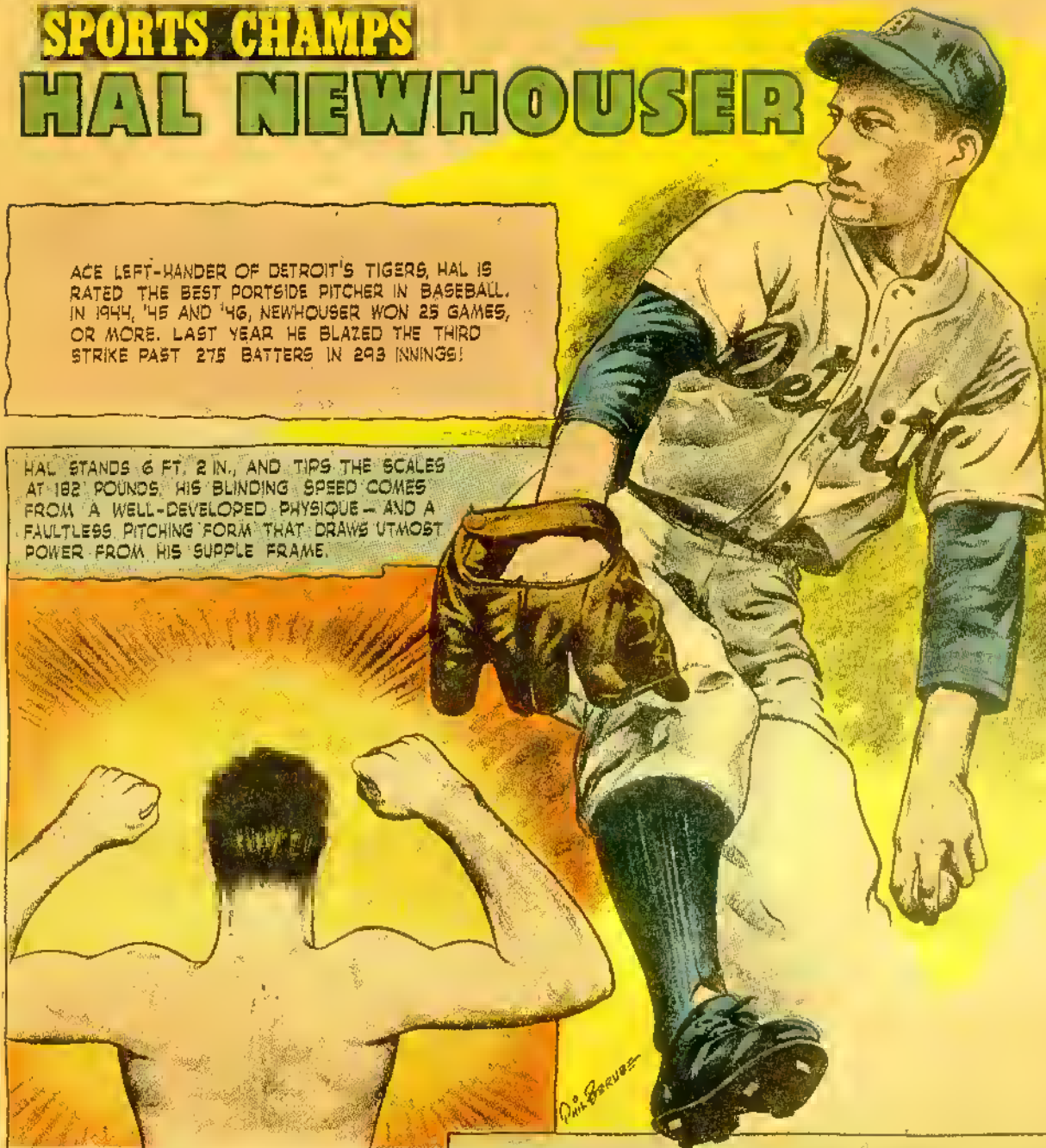
MISSOURI
Columbia KFRU
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Springfield KWTO
NEBRASKA
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Omaha KOIL
NEVADA
Las Vegas KENO
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Manchester WMUR
NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City WFPG
NEW YORK
Albany WOKO
Buffalo WKBW
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Massena WMSA
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Olean WHDL
Plattsburg WMFP
Poughkeepsie WKIP
Saratoga Lake WNBZ
Syracuse WAGE
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Charlotte WAYS
Durham WDUK
Gastonia WGNC
Hickory WHKY
High Point WFER
Kinston WFTC
Rocky Mount WEED
Winston-Salem WAIR
OHIO
Akron WAKR
Cincinnati WSAI
Cleveland WJW
Columbus WCOL
Dayton WING
Mansfield WMAN
Marion WMRN
Springfield WJZE
Toledo WCAE
Youngstown WFMJ
OKLAHOMA
Ada KADA
Ardmore KVSQ
Enid KCRK
Lawton KSWO
McAlester KTMK
Muskogee KBIX
Oklahoma City KTOK
Shawnee KOFF
Tulsa KOME
OREGON
Klamath Falls KFLW
Portland KEX
PENNSYLVANIA
Erie WLEU
Harrisburg WHGB
Philadelphia WFL
Pittsburgh WCAE
Scranton WARM
RHODE ISLAND
Providence WFCI
SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston WHAN
Columbia WCOS
Greenville WMRC
Spartanburg WERC
TENNESSEE
Chattanooga WDEF
Jackson WTJS
Knoxville WBIR
Johnson City WJHL
Memphis WMPB
TEXAS
Abilene KRBC
Amarillo KFDA
Austin KNOW
Beaumont KFDM
Big Spring KSTW
Brownsville KVAL
College Station WTAW
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Paris KPL
San Angelo KOKL
San Antonio KABC
Texarkana KCMC
Waco WACO
UTAH
Salt Lake City KUTA
VIRGINIA
Charlottesville WCHV
Covington WKEY
Fredericksburg WFWA
Lynchburg WLVA
Norfolk WGH
Richmond WRNL
Roanoke WSLS
Staunton WQOW
Suffolk WLPB
Winchester WINC
WASHINGTON
Seattle KJR
Wenatchee KPQ
WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston WKNA
WISCONSIN
Milwaukee WEMP
Oshkosh WOSH
Racine WRJN
Sheboygan WHBL
WYOMING
Casper KVOG

SPORTS CHAMPS

HAL NEWHOUSER

ACE LEFT-HANDER OF DETROIT'S TIGERS, HAL IS RATED THE BEST PORTSIDE PITCHER IN BASEBALL. IN 1944, '45 AND '46, NEWHOUSER WON 25 GAMES, OR MORE. LAST YEAR HE BLAZED THE THIRD STRIKE PAST 275 BATTERS IN 293 INNINGS!

HAL STANDS 6 FT. 2 IN., AND TIPS THE SCALES AT 182 POUNDS. HIS BLINDING SPEED COMES FROM A WELL-DEVELOPED PHYSIQUE — AND A FAULTLESS PITCHING FORM THAT DRAWS UTMOST POWER FROM HIS SUPPLE FRAME.



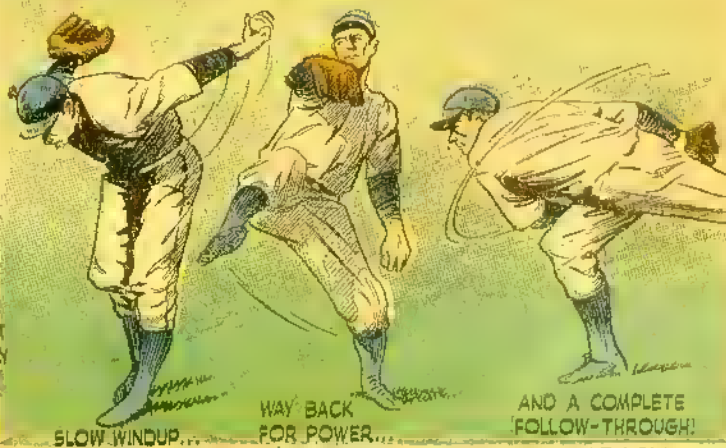
HAL'S HOBBIES ARE FISHING, GOLF AND BASKETBALL!



BULLPEN BANTER

HAL SAYS: IT MAY SOUND STRANGE, BUT A PITCHER THROWS WITH HIS LEGS AS WELL AS WITH HIS ARMS. SMART BALL-PLAYERS KNOW THAT KEEPING THEIR LEGS IN SHAPE — BY LOTS OF RUNNING — IS ONE GOOD WAY TO REMAIN A TOPNOTCH HURLER. THE LEGS SUPPORT THE BODY, HELP TO SUPPLY SPEED AND POWER.

HOW HAL DOES IT...



ACTION

SUSPENSE

THRILLS



In the coming issues of
JACK ARMSTRONG

SEE JACK ARMSTRONG go into action in fast, breath-taking adventure and intrigue. See him hold his own in the punches and outsmart those who make a business of foul-play.

SEE BILLY FAIRFIELD, his blundering, lovable side-kick, stumble on clues that help ferret out fortune-hunters and desperadoes.

SEE BETTY FAIRFIELD, their pretty, courageous companion, rise to the peril and excitement of their adventures.

SEE VIC HARDY, the master-mind, hunt down those who are on the wrong side of the law, by the use of ultra-modern crime detection methods.



There's a fast-action, full-of-suspense issue of **JACK ARMSTRONG** for you EVERY MONTH—jampacked with NEW ADVENTURES—NEW DANGERS—NEW DRAMA. And there'll be "split-second" sports events, wild animal stories and a barrel full of laughs too.

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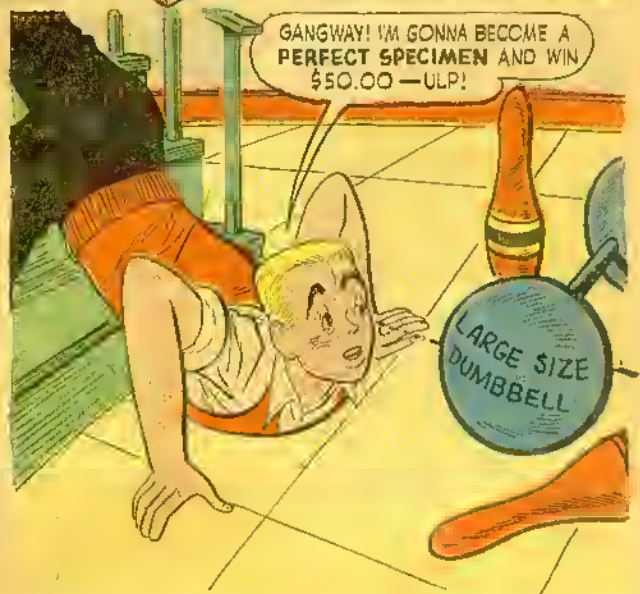
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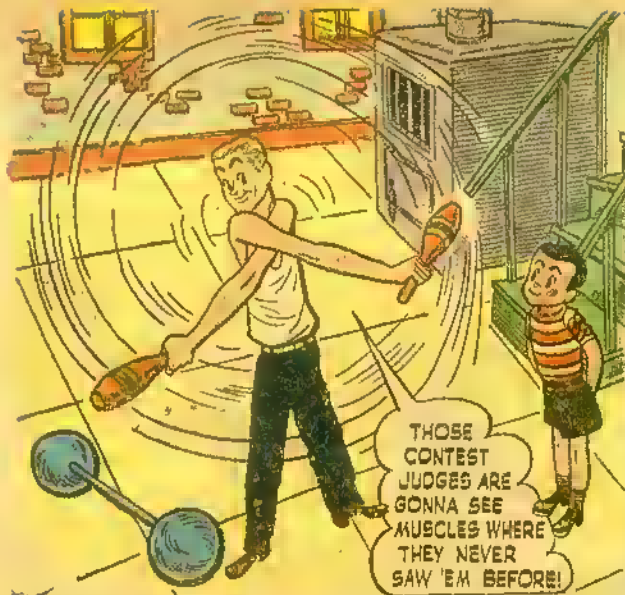
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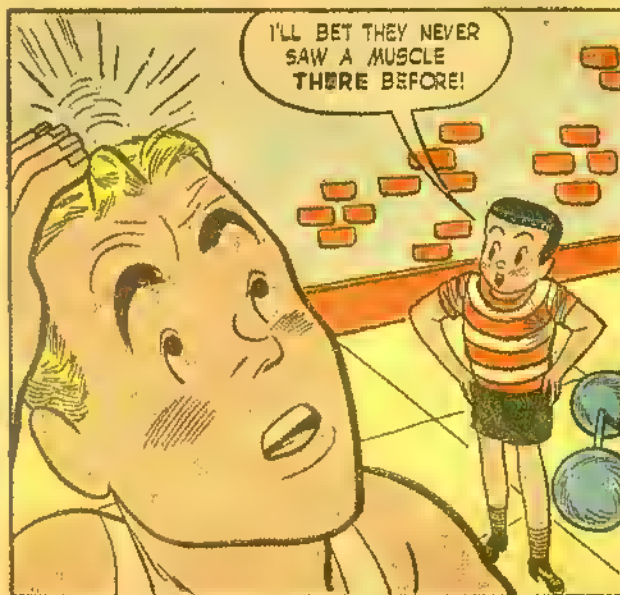
BILLY RINGS THE BELL!

BILLY FAIRFIELD'S CARTOONS
OF HIS OWN MISADVENTURES

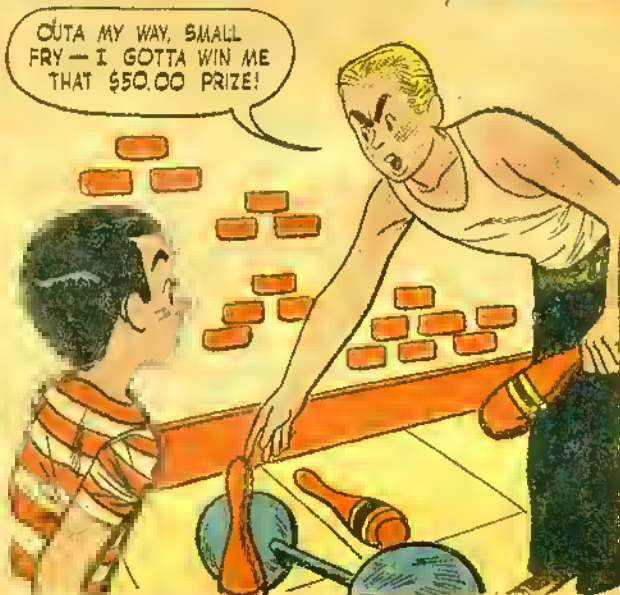




THOSE
CONTEST
JUDGES ARE
GONNA SEE
MUSCLES WHERE
THEY NEVER
SAW 'EM BEFORE!



I'LL BET THEY NEVER
SAW A MUSCLE
THERE BEFORE!

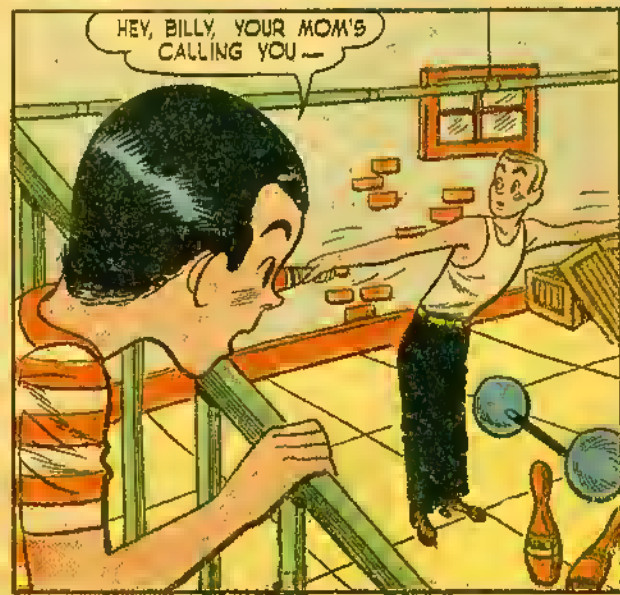


OUTA MY WAY, SMALL
FRY — I GOTTA WIN ME
THAT \$50.00 PRIZE!

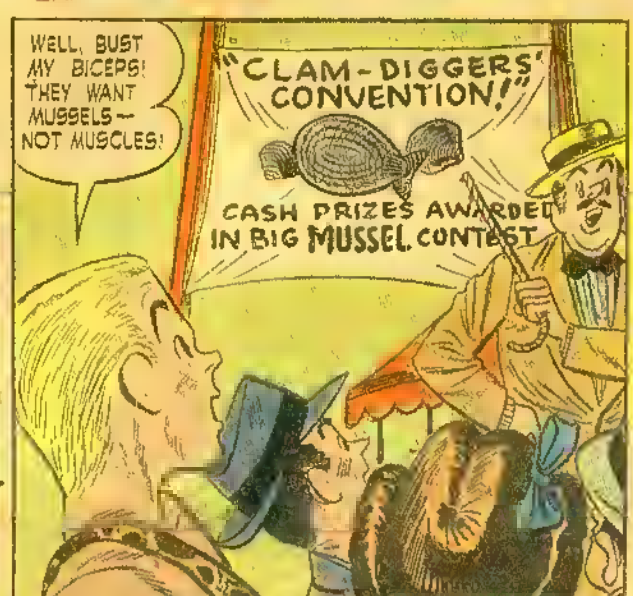
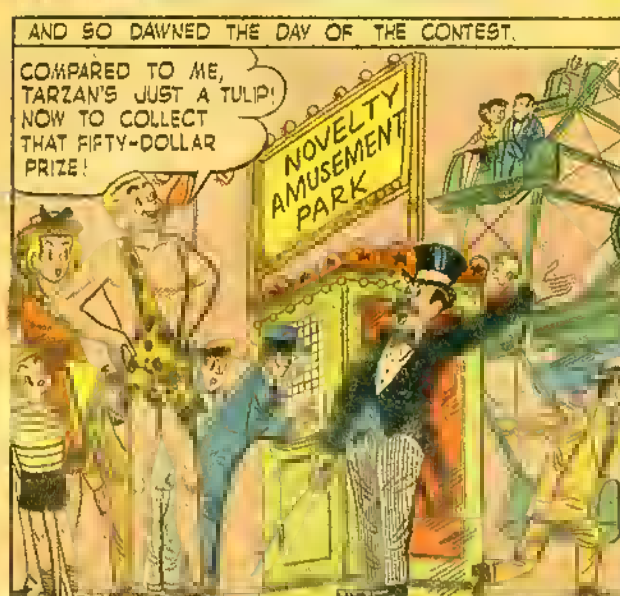
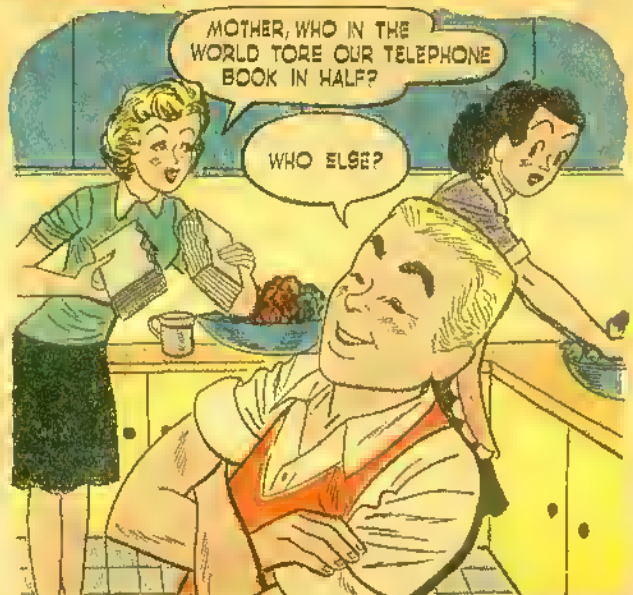
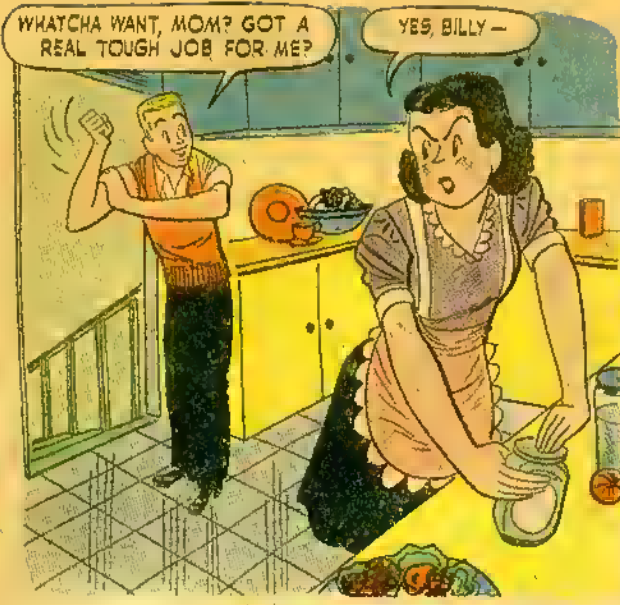


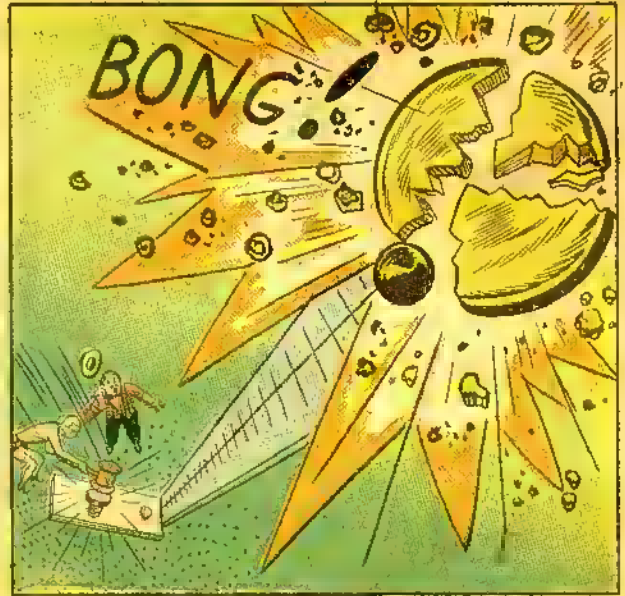
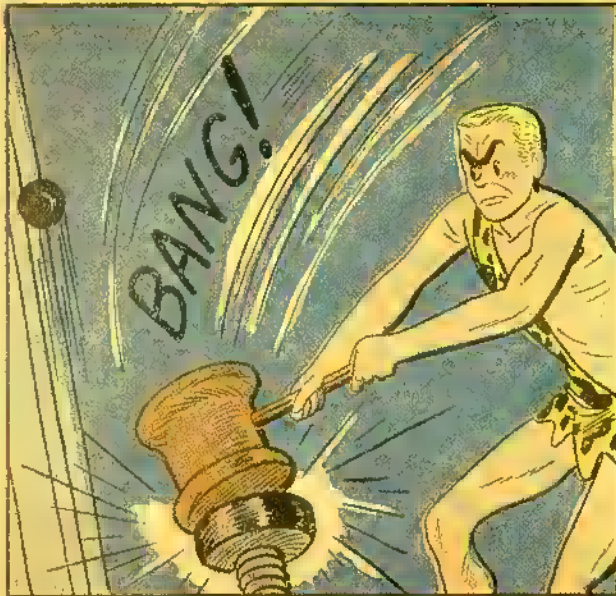
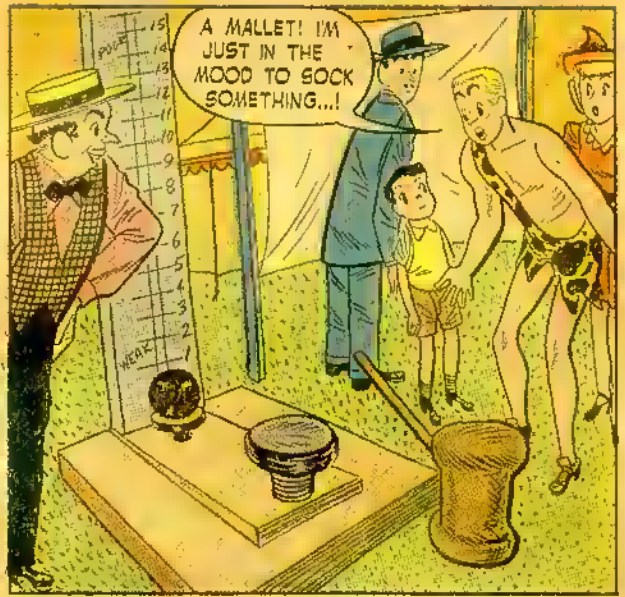
GEE! I BETCHA
IT WOULD TAKE YA
50 YEARS TO SPEND
50 DOLLARS, HUH?

NAW — I COULD
DO IT IN 50
WEEKS EASY!



HEY, BILLY, YOUR MOM'S
CALLING YOU —





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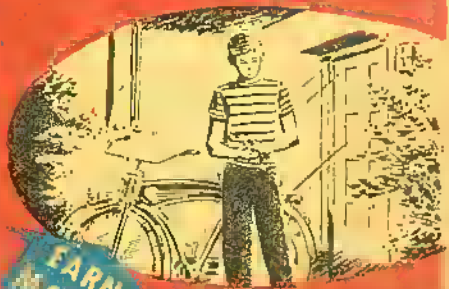
**GO
PLACES**



**DO
THINGS**



**HAVE
FUN**



**EARN
MONEY**



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